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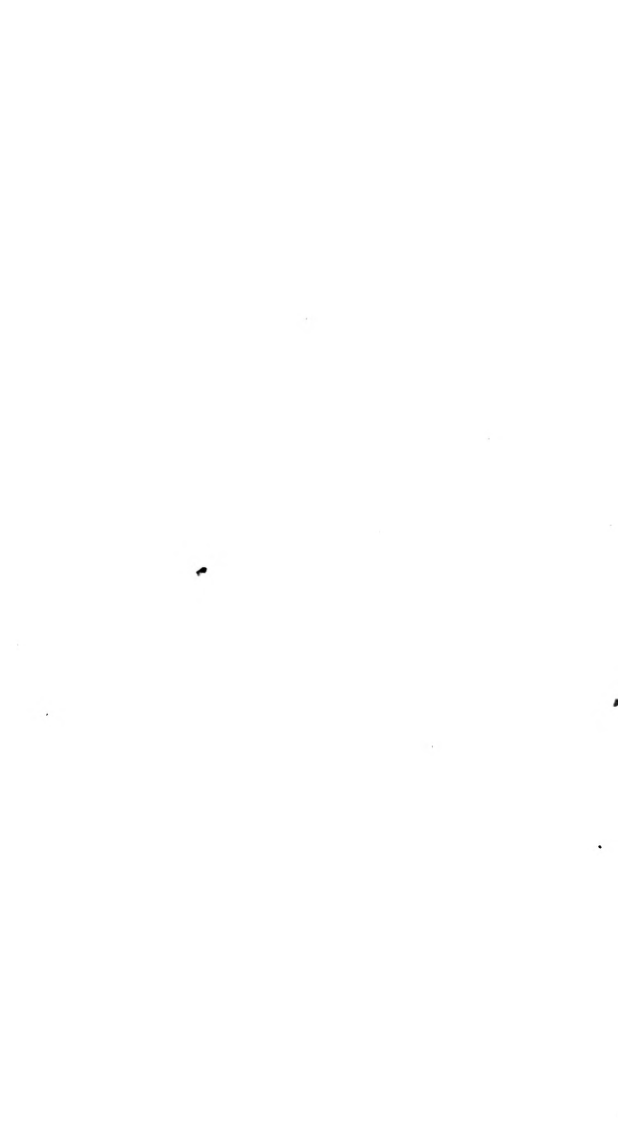
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THE
LOWER WORLD.

A
POEM,
IN FOUR BOOKS,

WITH
NOTES.

BY
MR. PRATT.

To justify the ways of man to brute.

Book I. Page 4.

LONDON:

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1810.

THE

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THE

FOLLOWING POEM,

ON A SUBJECT

INTERESTING TO HUMANITY,

NOW UNDER THE CONSIDERATION,

AND LOOKING TO THE SUPPORT,

OF THE MOST AUGUST

ASSEMBLIES OF THE BRITISH EMPIRE;

IS,

WITH THE MOST

PROFOUND RESPECT,

INSCRIBED

TO BOTH HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT,

BY

THE AUTHOR.

London,
May 8, 1810.

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PREFACE.



AT a time in which the Rights of MAN are so vigilantly watched, and zealously contended for, it cannot be an unfavourable moment to inquire into rights which form the basis of the following Poem; especially as they are now brought into solemn discussion by the two great Assemblies of the Empire. But, had it not been for the latter circumstance, this would not have appeared an auspicious period; yet, whatever may be the oppressions of *man* to *man* in the conflicts of public affairs, or dissensions of private life—subjects wholly irrelevant to the present question—that brutes have *their* rights, and that there should be some *reform* of the tyrannical and wanton cruelties exercised by *man* upon the animal world, will be admitted by the just and generous of all parties; and, by such persons, the subject will not at any time be thought unseasonable: being, in itself, though apposite to the debate of the moment, not *local*, but like the God of Truth, from everlasting to everlasting.

Simply as one of the community, the author has to offer his *acknowledgments*, to the illustrious framer* of a Bill, the PRINCIPLE of which, if carried into practice, cannot fail to produce this

* Lord Erskine.

reform: and for having thus called back his attention to the subject. Although, as yet, the noble Lord knows nothing of the *execution* of the present poem, the Author can, with confidence, challenge his approbation of the DESIGN, because it immediately connects with his own; and must necessarily meet the wish of every other human being, that duly considers the great and manifold advantages which would arise from passing the Bill into a law.

But, whether it fails or succeeds, it cannot be a question, that, in proportion to the diffusion of the PRINCIPLE on which it is founded, whether by the Pulpit, the Senate, the Press, the Stage—where a dramatic genius might, surely, introduce it in contrasting humane and cruel characters—and by every *other* mean of publicity, it will put the hearer, reader, and spectator, upon serious and good thinking. Serious and good thoughts, lead, naturally, to good and serious actions. The result cannot but in some degree establish that *law in the heart* which will insensibly extend its influence to every thing that has life; and place “THE LOWER WORLD under the genuine, unbought sympathies of man.”

The Bill is again brought before the Houses of Parliament; and it is zealously to be hoped will

be honoured with success by those who will thereby honour themselves. But, should it be less fortunate than meritorious, the author of the following pages concurs in opinion with the writer of an interesting little work *, attributed to a pen which is peculiarly devoted to the juvenile world, and no less indefatigable in diffusing general knowledge amongst men; that "the cause of justice and mercy, can only be delayed; the abuses which have been brought to light have sunk deep into the public mind, and in time will be corrected. And even if the law should be silent, the MORAL SENSE AND FEELING which have been excited by Lord Erskine's eloquent and pathetic appeals, *must* operate in preventing the frequent recurrence of atrocities, at which humanity turns pale."

It is on this conviction that the Author of the following sheets contributes his mite; and it is on this conviction, also, that he has, with so much earnestness †, summoned the tuneful race to assist a cause which they could not only ably advocate, but which must be gratifying to their feelings. And were it not from the appearance of travelling out of the direct line of poetic composition, he could, with no less earnestness and propriety, have called

* An article in the 12th number of the School Magazine," imputed to the Rev. Dr. Mayor,

† Book I. Page 11.

upon many living *prose* writers who have distinguished themselves on subjects of general humanity; and who would prove very powerful auxiliaries in the particular object now under consideration. Many of these, indeed, are referred to in an Appendix attached to the Notes.

In the Second Book, one passage from a former work of the Author appeared so intimately connected with the immediate arguments, that he imagined it would be better to admit it into the body of the poem, as distinguished by an asterism, than to place it elsewhere.

Much of the poem has been written under severe personal indisposition; but it is not to be doubted, many of its readers are aware how frequently mind rises above body, when warmed into exertion by feelings. The *poetical* attempts of the Author will close with this effort—as to any theme that may require extent—and whatever may be its fate, he cannot but be happy to have taken leave of the Muse in a manner congenial to his first invocation, after more than thirty years devotion to her. During which time, scarcely any of his writings, whether in verse or prose, have appeared, in which the subject of the present work has not been fervently pressed, at every possible opportunity.

THE
LOWER WORLD.



BOOK I.

ARGUMENT.

Apostrophe to the Proposer of the Bill that suggested the Subject.—Power of the existing LAWS for the Protection of Man against the Assaults of Man.—Dreadful State of Human Society undefended by LAWS.—The LOWER WORLD a frequent Subject of POETRY and PAINTING.—Their respective Powers in a Variety of Instances described; but neither the Pen or Pencil embrace the present Subject.—Still less do the LAWS extend to the Protection of the Animal World.—Apostrophe to the living Poets of the Country.—The RIGHTS of the LOWER WORLD examined.—Common-place Arguments of Pride and Interest against the Admission of such RIGHTS.—Apostrophe to false Reasoners on the Subject.

THE
LOWER WORLD.

BOOK I.

WHEN public honours, in the public cause,
Exalt to power, yet dignify the laws ;
When with Fame's brightest laurels cover'd o'er
To favour'd genius, Fame can give no more ;
On these, when proud distinctions of the state,
The fair awards of eloquence await ;
When these, by noblest paths have led to wealth,
And nature grants the richer boon of health :
O ! with all these assembled blessings crown'd,
When sacred Leisure spreads its shades around ;
Where resting from the World's entangled road,
The soul ascends sublime from man to God ;

Mid the bow'r'd silence of the private scene,
 Say, what so well can fill the pause between
 As that which Nature prompts to Pity's breast ?
 —Pity, of every generous heart the guest,
 As that which dares each colder code refute,
 And justifies the ways of man to brute ?

A thousand laws, and what no law can reach,
 The ways of *man*, to fellow man may teach ;
 Not those alone who wrong their native land,
 The mask'd assassin, or the robber band ;
 Not those who stop the traveller on his way,
 Ruffians of midnight, or of open day ;
 Not they to whom the direst acts belong,
 But for each shade of social crime and wrong,
 Law lifts the giant arm, nor lifts in vain,
 The sacred powers of order to maintain,
 Guardian of human rights, nor wants the force
 To aid inferior beings in its course.
 Yet aids *them* only on the social plea,
 Of goods or chattels, claim'd by you or me ;

As right protects, as property defends,
 But to pure human pity ne'er extends.
 The LOWER WORLD, like purchas'd slaves, must find
 A tyrant savage, or a master kind ;
 This, holds the helpless tribe in sacred trust,
 That, tortures life, or crushes it in dust.

Oh ! who can paint the horror that prevails,
 Where Law controls not, and where Mercy fails ?
 The waves, when wild they overflow their bound,
 Covering with wrecks the watery world around ;
 The meteors, when they ride the catching air,
 And shake contagion from their blazing hair ;
 The maniac whirlwinds, when oppos'd they rave ;
 The ravenous earthquake—an enormous grave,
 Whose mouth capacious, by whole cities fed,
 In one dire moment swallowing quick and dead,
 Less fell than man, with passions unconfin'd,
 And soul debas'd let loose upon his kind ;
 His wit, his genius, then but more annoy,
 His godlike powers but engines to destroy,

The fiercest monster that e'er roam'd the wood,
 Or lash'd the billow less profuse of blood.
 No pen, no tongue, his cruelties can tell,
 On earth committing foulest deeds of hell!

The LOWER WORLD full oft the Muse has sung,
 And every chord of every lyre been strung;
 Long have the feather'd, furr'd, and scaly train,
 Inspir'd the painter's touch, the poet's strain.
 Ardent alike the pen and pencil try,
 Which most shall charm the heart, or lure the
 eye;
 Their varied hues and thrilling numbers move,
 And all is beauty, harmony, and love.

On painted banks there sleeps the fleecy dam,
 And close beside her stands the pictur'd lamb;
 Here stretch'd at large the pamper'd Ox is seen,
 Pastur'd in meadows of Parnassian green;
 There bolder sketch'd the spirit-breathing Steed,
 Like some proud courser of ethereal breed,

Seems now to rest upon the canvass plain,
 Now triumphs in the verse, and spurns the rein.
 Reposing soft upon his master's knee
 Caress'd, caressing, there the Dog we sec,
 In hopes to gain his lord's society,
 He watches now each motion of the eye,
 Consults the history of the monarch face,
 And leaps with joy when partner of the chase.
 With rapture wild, yet passive to command,
 Next view him bounding o'er the dewy land ;
 The master seems the servant's bliss to share,
 And mingled music fills the vocal air ;
 As in yon group they join the hunter train,
 Skirting the copse, and scattering o'er the plain.

Man, too, full oft so fondly is pourtray'd,
 No cares annoy him, and no griefs invade ;
 Here friendship's villa, there love's cot is shown,
 And Cupid seated on his mother's throne.
 Mark how th' affections circle yonder bound,
 While rose-lip'd children dance like cherubs round.

There infant buds and manhood's blossoms blend,
 And every creature seems a cherish'd friend :
 No gory bludgeon, no uplifted knife,
 No object that revives a foe to life;
 Man, bird, and beast, scarce differ but in food,
 And all is sung or painted fair and good.
 The poet's passion, and the painter's soul,
 With magic arm'd, emparadise the whole.

Thus fancy, genius, feeling, lend their aid,
 Pour the strong light, and soften all the shade;
 Fancy bestows the happiest tints of art,
 And Feeling adds the colourings of the heart.
 These grace the pallet, and adorn the lay,
 While truth's more sombrous etchings fade away.
 Thus man appears in picture and in verse,
 The LOWER WORLD'S chief blessing, not its curse :
 The happy patron of a happy train,
 The central rivet of the social chain ;
 A world of roses blooming without thorn,
 Hymn'd by a seraph on creation's morn.

What tho' perchance in landscape and in lay,
 Vivid are seen the bird and beast of prey ;
 Tho' Pard and Tiger, conscious of their power,
 Couch on yon canvass, eager to devour ;
 Tho' savage brutes, by bards and painters made,
 In all their native terrors are display'd ;
 Tho' the fell pack with echo seem to fly,
 Nor heed the timid hare's half-human cry ;
 Tho' sometimes in the poet's fervid page,
 Bulls fight with bulls, with lions lions rage ;
 Tho' yon dire Snake ', in many a mazy fold,
 Frantic with pain the horse and rider hold ;
 The bard, the painter must our homage claim,
 Since fiends and angels yield an equal fame ;
 'Tis a proud trial of the art to show
 How far the magic of that art can go.

Yet glad from these we turn the startled
 gaze,
 To scenes that join our pleasure to our praise,

Soft scenes of peace, and sympathy and love,
 Where none but fair and gentle passions move ;
 Where Nature seems upon her works to smile,
 And God himself looks down well pleas'd the while.
 But turn, ah ! turn, from painting and from song,
 To mourn the doom of Nature's helpless throng.
 O hear the voice of Innocence and Grief,
 And aid the Muse to urge the prompt relief :
 Compassion's Muse, who each lov'd theme fore-
 goes,
 Of hapless myriads to relate the woes.

Tho' oft conceal'd with care from public sight,
 The fierce banditti dread the blushing light ;
 In solitudes obscure their trade pursue,
 Horrid, and fell—a dark and murderous crew ;
 Unseen, unknown, their sacrifice devour,
 Like famish'd cannibals in rage of power :
 Tho' these in woods and caves that power display,
 Or mock the crime-rebuking eye of Day,

Such base offenders rouse a common cause,
 And meet a bold chastiser in the laws;
 Man's direst foe in his own form we find,
 And human laws are made for human kind.
 Tooth still for tooth, and eye for eye, is giv'n,
 The prophet's judgment ratified by heav'n:
 But for yon tribes, in mingled mischief hurl'd,
 Whom the proud Reasoner calls the LOWER WORLD!
 Without whose aid, tho' reasoning pride dispute,
 Man still were less a monarch than the brute;
 Say, where for *them*, the solace or the cure,
 For wounds and wrongs too mighty to endure;
 Beings consign'd to man's peculiar care,
 O where for them the generous law—to spare?
 For them who half the cares of man relieve,
 In full return for all that man can give;
 Unequal commerce, and unequal gain,
 The tyrant's profit, and the vassal's pain.

In such a cause, why sleep the laurell'd train,
 When every chord should echo to the strain;

A cause, might wake the noblest of the throng,
To pity move, or swell to rage the song.

A theme like this might CAMPBELL'S muse inspire,
Or breathe compassion from CRABBE'S genuine
lyre?

Prompt MARMION'S² muse to quit the minstrel lay,
Tho' trophied knights to him resign the bay ;
And peerless dames weave chaplets in their bowers,
To crown their champion with enchanted flowers.
Yes—prompt their chief to raise his wondrous art,
And melt to mercy the obdurate heart !

And SHERIDAN, if aught *can* move his fire,
Slighting the Muse that waits upon his lyre ;
The Muse who oft has won him to her arms,
And woos him still, tho' reckless of her charms,
Might pour the stream of eloquence along
The listening Senate, tho' he spurns the song ;
Or, doubly arm'd, might urge in both the cause,
And add a virtue to his country's laws.

And GIFFORD, thou great censor of the age,
Here might'st thou ply thy Juvenilian rage ;

The poet's scourge, and yet the poet's boast,
 Here might thy genius prove itself a host ;
 Raise up the tyranniz'd, the tyrant awe,
 'Thy Muse pass judgment, and her verse be law.
 And CUMBERLAND, long honour'd bard and sage,
 Who sung of Calvary, might here engage ;
 Or thou, gay MOORE, whose variegated rhyme
 Can stoop to trifle, or on wing sublime,
 Like PINDAR³, and the lark, full-plum'd can rise,
 Oh ! leave your lowly furrow, mount the skies ;
 A lofty Muse for lofty flight is given,
 And this a theme to prove her birth from heaven.
 The honour'd HAYLEY this well-pleas'd might sing,
 Or Devon's Bard + a welcome offering bring ;
 Or thou, my Laureat Friend, whose tuneful art
 Is but a comment on thy generous heart ;
 Or thou, to MEMORY and the Muses dear,
 Might feel rekindled, all thy ardours here.
 And ye ' who meet the tuneful train to aid,
 And woo pale Genius from the chilling shade ;

To feel the sunshine of your generous care,
 Crush proud Oppression, and avert Despair:
 Yes, ye who boast yourselves full many a muse,
 O say, what nobler subject can ye choose?
 Or you ⁶, who well may boast a double claim,
 Blending the poet's with the painter's fame;
 No "truant from the pencil to the lyre⁷,"
 But touch'd by either Muse with sacred fire.
 And the IONIAN Bard ⁸, who mid the gloom
 Of scenic ruins bade times past rebloom;
 Woo'd the fair Queen of Wisdom on the shore,
 Where oft she sway'd, tho' now she sways no more.
 Yes—he who tun'd the reed to high-ton'd praise
 Of far-fam'd Greece, yet graced Britannia's lays;
 For others twined with skill the Doric crown,
 Weaving, meanwhile, a chaplet for his own.
 In nervous numbers here might THELWALL plead,
 And SAUL ⁹ thy Bard in Pity's cause succeed.
 And ye, colleagues ¹⁰ in friendship as in fame,
 And not a few of noble note as name.

Thou, Armageddon's Bard ¹¹, in this might find
 A rapture suited to thy daring mind.
 Thy Muse, O MAURICE ¹², led by Bounty's ray,
 In Pity's cause her feelings might display ;—
 Or thou ¹³, who pitying age, and sorrow's weight,
 So sweetly mourn'd the hapless peasant's fate ;
 A friend's example might thy bosom fire,
 Pity long since has strung thy BLOOMFIELD's lyre ¹⁴.

And thou, lov'd BLACKET ¹⁵, nearest to my breast,
 Whose Muse I cherish as an angel guest :
 My homage pay, and court at Nature's shrine,
 And bless the Providence that made thee mine!
 This the warm strain thy gentle breast would feel,
 Thy heart would dictate, and thy Muse reveal ;
 But that dire pthisis clouds thy beauteous morn,
 A theme like this THY genius would adorn.
 Oh ! source divine of everlasting day,
 Chill not the promise of his rising ray ;
 O'er thy own beam shed not untimely night,
 So to thy glory may he use the light !

The JUST, 'tis true, no advocate require,
 Or from the sage's force, or poet's fire ;
 Ere *that* can point the moral, *this* the song,
 Nature has borne sublimer truths along ;
 And these, quick ripen into generous deeds,
 Sure as the blossom to the bud succeeds.
 Such wing'd emotious mark the speed of heart,
 From the slow process of the noblest art,
 And yield a rapid and unborrowed charm,
 Steady as principle, as passion warm.
 Where these prevail, the offerings of the Nine,
 Tho' each should deck with incense Nature's shrine,
 Are useless all—though each unlock her store,
 To heap the pile till it could hold no more.
 Ah, no ! the JUST are placed near Mercy's throne,
 And ask no laws, no councils but their own.

But the dread *human* savage, still untam'd,
 Boast of the HIGHER WORLD, yet unreclaim'd :
 Oh ! for a law that monster to enchain,
 Who boasts the *luxury* of giving pain !

Who proudly keeps the trembling earth in awe,
 For him the LOWER WORLD, demand a law.
 "A law for brutes," exclaims some tyrant vile,
 The claim repulsing, with a scornful smile¹⁶;
 "A vassal tribe, the creatures of my nod,
 Who owe to me the gifts I owe to God.
 I, that can punish, pardon, or devour,
 And prove a thousand ways my sovereign power,
 Inferior, senseless beings, bought and sold,
 Slaves of my stall, my stable, and my fold;
 For these, now fed, now smoking on my board,
For these a law—to try their sovereign Lord!
 As well my footstool might my foot reprove;
 And what are brutes but furniture that move?
 Were not all these to my dominion giv'n
 A voluntary boon, *unask'd* of Heav'n?
 Unworthy God, had been th' Almighty plan,
 Had it provided less for favour'd man!
 A godlike being suits a godlike world,
 Else, in disorder, still had all been hurl'd.

But all were subjected to man's control,
 Exclusive guide and master of the whole.
 Coeval with creation thus it stood,
 The Great Creator hence pronounced it GOOD!

“ But go—subvert Heaven's long-established plan,
 Exalt the grovelling brute, and sink the man.
 With powers enlarged, invest an abject race,
 Ordain'd by Heaven to fill the lowest place.
 In the wild school of these distemper'd times,
 Frame a new code of punishments and crimes.
 Go—argue *rights* that, ere they shall prevail,
 The sacred statutes of thy GOD shall fail ;
 Statutes, that gave to sov'reign man the hall,
 Himself of myriad tribes, the judge and lord of all.”

Blasphemer cease ! nor thus profane the law
 Which Patriarch heard, and taught with pious awe ;
 Nor thus misconstrue the command of Heav'n,
 In tenderest MERCY, as in Wisdom giv'n ;

Formed was the Word, to serve thy brute and thee,
From famine man, and brute from tyranny ;
Yet gave to man the more endearing share,
A master's friends, and guardian's generous care.
God gave in trust, the rights of all the rest,
To thee, HIS image on thy soul impress'd ;
Rights ' fix'd as thine, and since thou dar'st to hear,
The dauntless Muse shall peal them in thine ear ;
Show to thine eye, what thou, perforce, shalt see,
**THE DREAD ACCOUNT BETWIXT THY
SLAVE AND THEE !**

END OF BOOK I.

THE
LOWER WORLD.

BOOK II.

ARGUMENT.

Summons to the Cruel to appear before their Accusers.—

The Author's Reluctance to go into the Evidence of Crimes ; and his regret at the Consciousness of the Necessity.—Accusations of—The DOG—The BULL—The HORSE—The OX—the Ass—and a Variety of other abused Animals, confided to the Protection and appointed to the Service of Man.—The diversified Cruelties exercised upon each.—The high Claims of the respective Sufferers to such Protection.—Specific Qualities and Character of the different Animals.—Remarks on the Rigour of their Condition.—General and particular Reasonings and Reproofs.—Facts on which they are founded.—Acts of Torment, and Excesses of Tyranny practised by the Brute-demon.—The Claims of Man and Brute stated and examined.—Pretensions on both Sides investigated.—Deductions.—The Economy, Sagacity, and Bounty of Nature.—Observations on the Condition of Brute unassisted by Man, and of Man unassisted by Brute.—Inferences.—The Moral Sense.

THE
LOWER WORLD.

BOOK II.

STAND forth thou champion of a Ruffian band,
At Mercy's bar uplift thy savage hand ;
A train of wrong'd Accusers standing nigh,
Truth, Justice, Nature, the dire cause shall try :
The Muse, who in her morn, ne'er mix'd in strife,
And now, at deep'ning eve, would close her life
In tranquil shades, amid the vocal throng,
List to their notes, or join the transient song—
Obeys the summons of an awful power,
And leaves sweet Peace, that woos her to the bower ;

Rouses indignant to arraign thy crime,
 The righteous motive shall protect her rhyme ;
 Shall prove at once her buckler and her shield,
 Howe'er unskill'd the censor's arms to wield ;
 Steady her principle, her zeal sincere,
 Critics are men, and will befriend her here !

Yes, haughty culprit, tyrannous and base,
 The blushing Muse shall mark thy deep disgrace ;
 And should'st thou spurn her charge, by crimes
 made bold,
 If thy cheek pales not, as those crimes unfold,
 Harden'd by habit, warp'd by baneful art,
 All grace of Nature has renounc'd thy heart !

First, answer to thy DOG, as first in place,
 Friend at thy board, companion of thy chace,
 His no foul crime of " friend remembered not,"
 Each kindness cherish'd, and each wrong forgot ;

And though full oft he feels thy stripes unjust,
 He bears them all, and humbles to the dust ;
 Unmurmuring bears them, and one slight caress,
 Tho' smitten to the bone, again can bless.
 Thy day of labour he is proud to share,
 And guards thy slumbers with a lover's care ;
 Thy presence hails, thy absence fondly mourns,
 While bounding raptures mark thy wish'd returns ;
 To rage, to anguish, e'en to *Death*, resign'd,
 ' What nobler feelings boast thy nobler kind ?

By nature fierce, at length subdued, and mild,
 To each kind office of a duteous child—
 Who, a dark Sire guides through the pressing throng,
 See how yon TERRIER gently leads along
 The feeble Beggar, to his custom'd stand,
 With piteous tale, to woo the bounteous hand ;
 In willing bonds, but master of the way,
 Ne'er leads that trusted friend, his charge, astray

With slow, soft step, as conscious of his care,
 As if his own deep sorrows form'd the prayer—
 Should yielding Charity the scrip supply,
 Tho' hunger press'd, untouch'd the boon would
 lie ;

Eyes to the blind, he notes the passing thief,
 And *guards* the good Samaritan's relief;
 A faithful steward, midst unbounded power,
 Patient he waits the home-returning hour ;
 Then, reconducts his master to his shed,
 And grateful banquets on the coarsest bread.
 And were that cheerless shed, by Fortune plac'd,
 In the deep cavern, on the naked waste,
 The sport of every storm, unroof'd and bare,
 This faithful slave would find a palace there ;
 Would feel the labours of his love o'erpaid,
 Near to his monarch master's pillow laid ;
 Unchang'd, by change of circumstance, or place :
 O SACRED LESSON TO A PROUDER RACE !

But, Reasoner, say, are these thy gifts of art,
 Or, native graces of the canine heart ?
 Say, does he owe this social change of state,
 To imitation of the fair and great ?
 Copied from thee, and do his virtue's rise
 From man's example of the Good and wise ?
 If *thou* has't thus *reclaim'd* from savage strife,
 And made him thus a link of social life,
 Ask thy own soul—that every harshness knows—
 How oft his joys are follow'd by his woes ;
 And, if like thee, this Slave could count his
 gains,
 Say, would his pleasures balance to his pains ?

Behold those pains in varied forms display'd,
 Then reckon what the poor *reclaim'd*, has paid
 For all thy boasted patronage, to prove
 The proud distinction of thy vaunted love.
 Reckon those scars, which thy unkindness gave ;
 A still-forgiving, still-insulted slave ;

Reckon that wanton gash, that mangled limb,
 From hateful vengeance this, and that from whim ;
 Reckon that stunning stroke, which to the ground
 Brought thy true friend, to welter in his wound ;
 Count too, the anguish of those sounding blows,
 And the deep stream, that blushes as it flows :
 From yon stak'd BULL³, whom thy slip'd Dogs annoy,
 Their mutual rage, their pangs, thy savage joy !
 A sport for demons in their central hell !—
 To FORCE the combat terrible and fell,
 At which the direst of the fiends might start,
 Rouse the strong instinct of the mother's heart ;
 The ⁴ PARENTS' LOVE AND FEAR at once inflame,
 And swell to acts the Muse forbears to name ;
 Forbears such guilty horrors to rehearse,
 Or stain with crimes so foul her sacred verse.
 Yet e'en this massacre, were life restor'd,
 The mangled servant, would forgive his Lord ;
 His love would all thy cruelty survive,
 And by *another piece-meal death*, to please thee strive !

Wretch ! could'st thou see him when thy useless
breath

At last shall give thee to the grasp of death,
When, haply, thy *sole* mourner, fix'd he stands,
Watches thy couch, and licks thy barbarous hands ;
Those hands that long have tried their force to prove,
Thy heart was dead to pity, truth, and love.
Ah ! could'st thou view him, seem to *look a* prayer,
Or heave the moan that seem'd to *speak* despair ;
Then follow sad thy body to the grave,
There, each extremity of hunger brave ;
Nor quit the spot, till famine, fraud, or force,
Drove him awhile to quit thy much-lov'd corse ;
Soon to return—enamour'd of the spot—
Thy savage nature, rage, and stripes forgot ;
Could'st thou see this, perchance, one tear would start,
One brief compunction stir thy stony heart ;
Then might'st thou wish Ingratitude forgiv'n,
And dread, that crime of hell, to show offended
Heav'n !

And now behold, his day of glory o'er,
 Thy STEED advances, bleeding at each pore ;
 A hero once, perchance, like thee, in war,
 He spurn'd the menace, and he brav'd the scar ;
 Like thee, a victor in the jealous race ;
 Like thee, he brook'd no rival in the chace ;
 Proud of his pow'rs, by danger undismay'd,
 Himself * the noblest conquest man e'er made.

Has grief oppress'd the chosen of thy heart ?
 Say, who was first thy succours to impart ?
 Did sickness to the grave a parent bend ?
 Or, could dispatch alone preserve a friend ?
 Who bore thy solace, as with winged speed,
 In the deep hour of life's extremest need ?
 Vain all thy force of duty, and of love,
 Without thy STEED those charities to prove ;
 Vain all thy reason, passion, youth, and health,
 The gen'rous Steed was then *a mine of wealth* ;

* Buffon.

O'er mountain steep, deep vale, and desert waste,
He bore thee with a tender lover's haste.

Pastur'd and shelter'd in his native wood,
He sought not man's protection, or his food ;
He lov'd the meads, that grac'd his native soil,
RECLAIM'D ^s, from happy Liberty, to toil ;
RECLAIM'D, from happy wildness, free as air,
To galling trappings, and tumultuous care ;
And tho', by custom soften'd, *these* may please,
Man more than shares the luxury and ease ;
Yet man partakes not, save for pride or gain,
The scarce remitting labour, or the pain ;
These all his own, a fav'rite slave at best,
Capricious kindness, and uncertain rest.
The honours of his mane, by art confin'd,
Emblem of liberty, that brav'd the wind ;
Frolic'd or triumph'd o'er each gale that blew,
As down his ample chest the tresses flew.

Thy maladies and miseries he found,
 But, ah! no FREEDOM, e'en on British ground ;
 And tho', still seen superior on the plains,
 A prisoner still, he toils or sports in chains ;
 Ev'n like some captive prince, he moves in state,
 Noble in bondage, and in ruin great !

Survey him now, barbarian as thou art,
 Of cruel hand, and unrelenting heart !
 Hard run, hard driven, the slave of stern command,
 Wrong heap'd on wrong, transferr'd from hand to
 hand ;
 His beauteous frame by long, long slavery worn,
 A life of toil and sorrow nobly borne ;
 In his last stage to life's worst griefs resign'd,
 Lame, aged, famish'd, e'er to Death consign'd ;
 Yet long that boon denied, and many a grief,
 And many a wrong, e'er it may bring relief.
 Chang'd the luxurious mead, the manger stor'd ;
 No more the boast and treasure of his Lord ;

His birth, his conquest, and his fame forgot,
 "Fall'n from his high estate," to the dire lot,
 To the dire uses of the servile hack,
 The sordid harness buckled on his back ;
 Fasten'd by chains, that man alone could forge,
 While galls the shaft, and plies the knotted scourge ;
 Impell'd still onward by the furious guide,
 Not for the vassal's, but the tyrant's pride ;
 From mean ambition, and from low renown,
 The first to gain, and rattle thro' the town.
 And, oh ! if * *jealousy* with pride combine,
 What toils devoted Drudge can equal thine ;
 The deepest vales, tho' mountains, rocks oppose,
 A rival despot no obstruction knows.
 And what are all his gains?—a coachman's art,
 And what the dying Slaves ?—a broken heart †.

* Excited by what are called *competition* coaches.

† This expression is literal : and goes to an ordinary fact.

Ill-fated Steed ! e'en days that fill the heart
 With human joy, to thee no joys impart ;
 Youth, manhood, age, from morn to midnight hours
 Demand thy service, yet exhaust thy powers ;
 And oft when man enjoys some change of state,
 No change is thine, but of severer fate !
 What tho' the lover's bliss, the miser's gain,
 Thy speed promotes, they but augment thy pain ;
 And when a nation's triumph rends the air,
 Tho' the glad tidings thou art urg'd to bear ;
 Tho' in thy trappings Victory's wreaths are twin'd,
 And shade the throbbing temples, which they bind ;
 The bursting veins, and smoking nostrils, show
 An empire's glory aggravates thy woe ;
 And while thy Sovereign sits as on a throne,
 Thou, luckless Slave ! beneath the weight must
 groan !

From the full pasture which thy avarice gave,
 Summon'd to slaughter, lo ! you pamper'd slave

The OX comes forth to yield for thee his life,
 To the uplifted axe, and ruthless knife ;
 Yet e'en to Death compell'd in *haste* to go,
 By stripes tormented, ere he meets the blow.
 Why on his reeking side that searching lash ?
 Why *, in his way-swoll'n heel, that bleeding gash ?
 Why, near the public mart, arriv'd at length,
 —With fever'd frame, and with exhausted strength—
 Why must he pass, by thirst and hunger press'd,
 His last sad Sabbath, but no day of rest ?

Next view him on the spot ⁶, long stain'd by pow'r,
 Sad monument of England's darkest hour ;
 Where hecatombs of human victims bled,
 As bigot rage the sanguine edict spread ;
 While fatal zeal usurp'd religion's name—
 Dire scene ! devoted still to England's shame ;
 The fell banditti there each other meet,
 For the BRUTE-DEMON there has fix'd his seat ;

* See *Appendix*.

And tho' for mercy England has a tear,
 A hand, a heart, the demon riots there.
 I hear him in yon herd's afflictive moan,
 And in that aged Steed's last feeble groan ;
 In yon slain Dog of an ungrateful friend,
 While change of tortures his sad being end.
 I hear him in yon harass'd fleecy throng,
 With barbarous speed to slaughter urg'd along ;
 Proteus in shapes, and of an Argus eye,
 He sallies forth, resolv'd on tyranny :
 Bird, beast, fish, insect, tremble round his throne,
 And prove too sure the LOWER WORLD his own.

* 'Tis not enough that daily slaughter feeds,
 That the Fish leaves its stream, the Lamb its meads !
 That the reluctant Ox is dragg'd along,
 And the Bird ravish'd from its tender song ;
 That in reward of all her music giv'n,
 The Lark is murder'd as she soars to heav'n :

* HUMANITY, a poem. See Preface to the present work.

'Tis not enough, our appetites require
 That on their altars hecatombs expire ;
 But cruel man, with more than bestial pow'r,
 Must heap fresh horrors on life's parting hour :
 Full many a being that bestows its breath,
 Must prove the pang that waits a *lingering* death.
 Here, close pent up, must gorge unwholesome food ;
 There, render drop by drop, the smoking blood ;
 The quiv'ring flesh improves, as slow it dies,
 And Luxury sees the augmented whiteness rise :
 Some gash'd and mangled feel the torturor's art,
 Writhe in their wounds, tho' sav'd each vital part.
 Ask you the cause? the *food more tender grows*,
 And callous Luxury triumphs in the blows :
 For this, are some to raging flames consign'd
 While yet alive, to soothe our taste refin'd !

Oh pow'r of mercy that suspends the rod !
 Oh shame to Man, impiety to God !

Thou polish'd Christian in the untutor'd see,
 The sacred rights of bless'd HUMANITY;
 Thine is the world, thy crimson spoils enjoy,
 But let no *wanton* arts thy soul employ:
 Live, tho' thou dost on blood, ah ! still refrain,
 Nor load thy victims with *superfluous* pain;
 E'en the gaunt Tiger, tho' no life he saves,
 In generous haste devours what famine craves;
 The bestial paw may check thy human hands,
 And teach dispatch to what thy want demands;
 Abridge thy sacrifice, and bid thy knife
FOR HUNGER KILL, BUT NEVER SPORT
WITH LIFE.

Last of the injur'd, and accusing train,
 First to endure, and latest to complain;
 Patient of wrong, the Ass appears in view,
 The lowest victim of the lowest crew.
 How, culprit, wilt thou here the charge refute?
 How thy ways warrant to that hapless brute?

Were the whole life of that scorn'd beast offence,
All reasoning on those ways were base pretence.

Thou call'st him *stubborn* ! hence that stunning
stroke,

Given in a curse, and coupled with a joke.

The Merciful ! whose Name thou dar'st disgrace⁸,
From Heaven has warn'd, to help the harmless race ;
Hast thou forgot his own divine command,
Towards the stray Ox, or Sheep, to stretch thy hand ?
Thy ready care and succour to bestow
On the fall'n Ass, ev'n of an hated foe.

See how he labours with that Camel's load,
Bends to the weight, and yet must feel the goad ;
Staggering he moves, at length too hardly press'd,
The tyrant's body added to the rest,
He sinks to earth, where desolate he lies,
Till by redoubling blows condemn'd to rise ;
Resume the rugged path, nor dare to halt,
And e'en his falling punish'd as his fault ;

No pause allow'd the "bruised reed" to heal,
 Say, when shall Mercy teach thy heart to feel?
 Oh if one proud distinction be the tear,
 Ye who have ought of pity shed it here!
 Or, if sweet Mercy ne'er has call'd thee friend,
 Here, tyrant, might thy marble nature bend;
 The smitten rock within thy breast might glow,
 And pour the unwonted stream of generous woe.

With swelling port, well suited to thy power,
 'Tis thus thou seekest whom thou may'st devour;
 By Heaven's high will the LOWER WORLD is
 thine!

But art thou CRUEL TOO BY RIGHT DIVINE?
 Admit their lives devoted to thy need;
 Take the appointed forfeit—let them bleed:
 Yet add not to the hardships of their state,
 Nor join to servitude Oppression's weight;
 By no unmanly rigours swell distress,
 But where thou can'st, exert thy power to bless,

Beyond thy wants 'tis barbarous to annoy,
 And but from need 'tis baseness to destroy ;
 Still in their place let all Heav'n's creatures be,
 These, with their nature, and their wants agree ;
 Thou hast from freedom brought them into chains,
 Impos'd a life of penalties and pains ;
 Yet count the comforts which their bonds supply,
 Then, if thou can'st, their modest claims deny ;
 More than thy wants, thy *luxuries* are fed,
 Their flesh thy banquet, and their plumes thy
 bed !

They guard thee from the storm, defend from strife,
 And aid the softer vanities of life.

Yet think how brief their span, how quickly pass'd
 The transient sunshine, why should clouds o'ercast ?

Grant we that Nature, on a nobler plan,
 Has form'd the emotions of sublimer man ;
 A keener sense has given to mental pain,
 From scepter'd Reason's intellectual reign ;

Yet, since the reptile, made to last an hour,
 Still feels to agony the corporal power ;
 Who, beyond *need*, would harm a helpless throng,
 And rob the fields and forests of a song ?
 Who that has heard the chant, or seen the play,
 Of the glad tribe that carol in the day ;
 Or, who that views the herds and flocks at feed,
 Happy and peaceful in the smiling mead,
 And thinks, how soon to these succeed the moan,
 The shriek, the dying shudder, and the groan ;
 But, ere arrives th' inevitable hour,
 Will guard the beings trusted to his power.

Nor is it less thy INTEREST to impart,
 A stronger motive to a tyrant's heart—
 Not less thy love of *self*, with gentle sway,
 To rule these creatures which thy will obey ;
 And let them pass serene their measur'd hours—
 Haply thou know'st not yet their wond'rous
 powers ;

How vast the trust which the eternal mind
Has to the variegated tribes assign'd.

⁹ NATURE's unnumber'd family combine
In one beneficent, one vast design ;
E'en from inanimates to breathing man,
An Heaven-conceiv'd, Heav'n-executed plan ;
Onward from those who soar or lowly creep,
The wholesome equipoise through all to keep ;
As faithful agents in earth, sea, and air,
The LOWER WORLD to watch with constant care,
Her due proportion wisely to conserve,
A wond'rous trust, from which they never swerve.

¹⁰ But for these instruments of bounteous Heav'n,
To whom its awful ministry is given,
Each over each, like jealous sentries plac'd,
That none may trespass, and that none may waste ;
None by luxuriance on the other press,
The whole to order, yet the whole to bless ;

A full yet frugal competence supply,
Within the bound of sage economy ;
Yes, but for these, disorder would prevail,
Amidst abundance famine would assail ;
The wood, the lake, the forest, and the field,
Too little now, and now too much would yield ;
The lawless plants each other would devour,
The lawless insects would enforce their power ;
Polluted pestilence at noon of day,
With haggard want and war contend for sway.
But, from the violet to the sovereign rose,
The golden mien each thing created knows ;
Lives in abundance, keeps its destin'd place,
Its state enjoys, and propagates its race ;
Dies at the allotted hour, yet still shall live,
And in its progeny its self survive.
To all that animate the teeming earth,
Such is the mighty law that gave them birth ;
And when man thinks them scourges from above,
Heav'n-sent, they came, "on errands full of love ;"

"Creatures most fear'd, most loathsome to the sense,
Vast, or minute, are boons of Providence.

"Tis true that noxious beings oft annoy,
That some embitter life, and some destroy;
Minims of Nature, or her monstrous band,
Yet, rarely these infest *our* blissful land;
Trench on our safety, or pollute our food,
And murmuring man may see that "all is good!"
May still, tho' fall'n, his Paradise enjoy,
Spite of the partial evils that annoy.

But, wherefore, force thy slaves whilst life remains,
To wreak upon *themselves* superfluous pains?
Why, ere they fall, for thy diurnal food,
Are they *compell'd* to shed each other's blood?
Yet, here, thou call'dst wrong'd *nature* in defence,
The battle her's, you say: O vile pretence!
Does she, like man, enjoy this conflict dire?
Is it for Nature's pastime they expire?

Does she, who kindly to their rage deny'd
 Death's fell artillery, which men provide,
 Partake the ecstasy their pangs impart, [heart ?
 When thus ensnar'd to war, they pierce each other's

False Reasoner, no ! thou say'st she prompts their
 fight,

Till their blood maddens at each other's sight ;
 If hence the combat whensoever they meet,
 Did *nature* too, yon *engine* to the street
 And those dire instruments of torture bring,
 These *Inquisition*-horrors in that RING *,
 Within whose round 'tis thy demoniac joy,
 To try all frauds and force that can annoy ;
 All that the blood can fire, foment the strife,
¹³ The goad, the stave, the bludgeon, and the knife.

Thou say'st with these, the Steed's delights keep place,
 Of conquest proud, exulting in the race ;

* The baited Bull is generally fastened to an iron ring
 in the middle of the street.

That hopes and fears like thine his bosom fire,
 And thirst of glory all his nerves inspire ;
 Concede we this, but wilt thou too demand
 A grant of all that arms the jockey band ;—
 The pliant whip, the spur-gash opening wide,
 The rowel plung'd, and buried in his side ;
 Do these exalt the triumphs of the Steed ?
 Or, Nature bid him for these triumphs bleed ?

Betwixt a race of nature and of art,
 The difference this, one warms—one breaks the
 heart ;
 One gives the unreclaim'd and free-born Steed,
 The ample scope of the unmeasur'd mead ;
 To stretch with rapture o'er the echoing ground,
 And one confines him to a stinted bound :
 In this, 'tis wholesome exercise and joy,
 In that 'tis dire excess, and must destroy.
 "The Bull will rage and bellow from afar,
 Provoke the fight, and Chanticleer will spar ;

But, had they thus been form'd to close their life,
 In deep Antipathy's instinctive strife,
 She would herself have arm'd them for the war,
 Beyond the arching bill and pointed spur;
 With hardier weapons fenc'd the Cock's proud
 heel,

And giv'n the angry Bull a horn of steel:
 As well might you insist he lov'd the fight,
 When the fierce Bull-dog gives the madd'ning bite;
 Or that the Dog your horrid joys could share,
 When on the horn impall'd, or toss'd in air:
 As well assert yon Bear—reluctant Slave!
 Heavy by nature, sullen, slow, and grave,
 Enjoy'd the movements of the sprightly dance,
 By turns commanded to retreat, advance,
 Tripp'd, with delight, to the harsh fiddle's sound,
 And join'd the savage merriment around.

But now, if still resolv'd on vain dispute,
 View thy proud self, **UNDAIDED BY THE BRUTE;**

Though, with thy eulogists *, the Muse shall own,
 That Nature plac'd thee on her loftiest throne ;
 To others partial, has in thee combin'd
 The happiest powers of body and of mind ;
 To beauteous feature, form majestic giv'n,
 And the imperial eye that looks on Heav'n !
 Yet view thyself, reduc'd to Nature's plan,
 Unhelp'd, and unaccommodated man.
 Renounce awhile the animal RECLAIM'D,—
 Alas ! how falsely and how oft misnam'd ;—
 Change toils awhile, and yet retain command,
 At once the slave, and master of the hand ;
 Dismiss the drudging Steer, and labouring Horse ;
 Let nought but interest goad, and try thy force ;
 Place thee in wood, on mountain, or on plain,
 These rich in various food, and those in grain ;
 Grant, that the labours of the winter o'er,
 The earth gives promise of a plenteous store,

* Buffon, Linnæus ; Pennant, Goldsmith, Gregory.

That teeming Nature shall to man afford
 Her tenfold offerings for his pamper'd board ;
 That genial sun and shower, without thy beast,
 Shall yield the summer and autumnal feast ;
 Grant that the favouring season, and the soil,
 Shall ask for seed-time a *diminish'd* toil ;
 Bereft of herds and flocks, the Dog, the Steed,
 Thou may'st another year provide for need ;
 May'st, yet a little, linger on thy lands,
 With the frail help of unassisted hands.

But should the LOWER WORLD, by angry
 Heav'n,

No longer to the *wrath* of man be giv'n,
 With all his genius, wisdom, cunning, crown'd,
 How dire the prospect that would gloom around !
 Ocean a mighty void, and earth a grave,
 What could from horror, what from famine save ?
 How would he mourn the terrors of his fate,
 Pray for his savage, curse his social state ;

Wish his long-suffering slaves he could recal,
 And own himself a pensioner on all ?
 How sigh his dumb companions to regain,
 His bestial retinue, and feather'd train ?
 His mocking dream of greatness would be o'er,
 Midst wealth and plenty, poorest of the poor.

Next view the brute UNAIDED BY THE MAN,
 Once more restor'd to Nature's pristine plan ;
 From human bonds and snares again set free,
 And worse than bondage, human tyranny ;
 Tho' some, from relish of man's grosser food,
 Taint with his maladies their purer blood,
 And die of luxury—man's worst disease—
 Like the mark'd victim of the putrid breeze ;
 Numerous as sands upon the sea-beat shore,
 Myriads would hail their day of slavery o'er ;
 And were there not in Nature's ample round
 One of their human despots to be found,

The fish would triumph in its native flood ;
 The bird would carol in its native wood ;
 And tho' by Nature's long-establish'd power,
 These might each other in their turn devour ;
 The sacrifice of *life for life* is brief,
 And sudden death, from man escap'd, relief !

But if to things sublime thou mak'st pretence,
 And thy supremacy be MORAL SENSE ;
 Oh ! if with this, to favour'd Man is giv'n
 The balms of piety, and bliss of Heav'n ;
 What nobler practice can its precepts teach,
 Than the plain maxim, which all heads may reach,
 The earliest moral of thy infant day,
 When uneduc'd pure Nature held her sway—
 Ere yet the nursery gave thee to the school—
 To Bird, Beast, Man, let JUSTICE be thy rule,
 “ Do that to others,” which, did States agree,
 Thy conscious soul would wish “ were done to thee !”

THE
LOWER WORLD.

BOOK III.

ARGUMENT.

Vindications of *general* Nature from the Charge of Cruelty to the LOWER WORLD.—Rejection of those Arguments of Philosophers and Poets that have painted a World of Monsters.—The indiscriminate Eulogist and Libeller equally remote from Truth.—A Sentiment of general Compassion and Sensibility in the public Mind.—Illustrations.—Increased Happiness of Animals derived from this Source.—Example of the good Effect of kind Usage to be drawn from the Treatment of the Arabians to their Horses.—Excess of Attachment to favourite Animals, in some Individuals, sacred from the Motive.—Some of the Causes of this Excess accounted for in particular Cases.—Cruelty of Children to Animals considered—Traced in a Variety of afflicting and disgraceful Incidents.—Appeal to Parents.

THE
LOWER WORLD.

BOOK III.

YET think not that the Muse with Satire's rage,
By Truth unsanction'd, shall pollute her page ;
Think not that Man, all savage she would draw,
Bound only by the sordid bonds of law ;
Led in the giant's chain a struggling foe,
Like the cag'd Bajazet, a public show ;
Think not she deems when Man first springs to birth,
That Nature labours with a monstrous birth ;
All other living things to hold in dread,
Alive to Cruelty, to Pity dead.—

Avaunt the artist, and accurs'd the art,
 That in distemper thus would draw the heart;
 That in one sombrous and inveterate scrawl,
 Whelms it in shade, and gives no light at all.

Dim-sighted Bards ! Philosophers more blind,
 Ah ! spare your senseless libels on maukind ;
 Paint not the world a wreck in anger giv'n,
 The scourge of Nature, and the scorn of Heav'n.
 Howe'er ye rhyme, or descant, or dispute,
 Each work of Nature must your rage confute !
 If such the system, which kind Heav'n forbend !
 If such our birth, our being, and our end,
 If thus chain'd down by an imperious fate,
 To mix with monsters in a world of hate :
 If such Man's curse, since he from Angel fell,
 Foretasting thus anticipated hell ;
 If thus, deep-tainted, ocean, earth, and air,
 Say, what is left to mortals but despair ?

What but to yield the cruel gift of life,
And by one effort—*close* the scene of strife ?

Oh false, oh impious, and to Heav'n ingrate !
To favour'd Man is giv'n a softer fate.
What tho' the tenfold gloom of wintry cloud
The native lustre of the sun may shroud,
Doth there *no* light appear because his ray
Pours not th' unsullied flood of *perfect* day ?
Yes, at a thousand points the raptur'd eye
Catches the beam warm darting from the sky ;—
Yes, at a thousand points the Muse could prove,
That Man was born for universal love.
Not the ephemeral being, weak and wild,
Sore Irritation's sentimental child ;
The hectic offspring of a fever'd brain,
Conceiv'd in folly, and produc'd in pain :
But the soul's genuine scyons, strong and fair,
Who think, that all who live, life's rights should
share ?

Promiscuous censure and promiscuous praise,
 As wide from Reason, as from Justice strays ;
 What though fierce legions CRUELTY may boast,
 HUMANITY leads on a gentler host ;
 And while those ply each agonizing art,
 To heal the wounds these every aid impart.
 If those inflict of Man the "fear and dread,"
 A kinder influence these delight to spread.
 By Nature form'd emotions to reveal,
 Which sterner beings know not, or conceal ;
 Of Nature's or of Fortune's favour vain,
 The bliss of bliss, the pain of giving pain ;
 Yet, tyrants o'er the bestial race, we find
 A thousand fold, outnumber'd by the kind !

These feel th' emotions of a pure delight,
 Each pleasure soften, and each good requite ;
 As pours the Nightingale's mellifluous note,
 As tuneful raptures swell the Linnet's throat ;
 As mounts the Lark in music to the sky,
 Or, breasting oft the streamlet as they fly,

In many a circling maze, the Swallows wind,
 Souls, thus attun'd, an answering transport find :
 Nor less, as shifts the notes of joy to woe,
 To pity true, their solace they bestow.
 From yonder distant coppice, dark and lone,
 Heard you that deep and desolated moan?
 It was the plunder'd Turtle in despair ;
 But souls, like these that plunder, would forbear.
 Would not despoil for *sport* the cradling nest,
 Nor swell with needless grief the plummy breast ;
 Would not in wantonness the worm destroy,
 Nor crush the father's hope, nor mother's joy.
 Yet sacred ORDER still entire maintain,
 Strength'ning in every link the social chain ;
 File down the rugged edges, rais'd by man,
 And thus restore the all-connecting plan.

See how yon courser, unconstrain'd and free,
 Grateful repays his hour of liberty !

Leaps from his couch upon the verdant ground,
 And wakes an echo at each glad rebound :
 He loves his master's figure, loves his call,
 And, not reluctant, follows to the stall.
 No slavish curb, no fetter he requires,
 A patron beckons, and a friend inspires ;
 E'en when in chains, so gentle is the sway,
 With service pleas'd, in bondage he is gay ;
 Bends to the saddle, champs the bit in sport,
 And seems the burden of his lord to court ;
 From dawn to night-fall traverses the land,
 Cheer'd by the well-known voice, and fondling
 hand.

The wayworn horse of labour next comes on,
 And for the goodly service freely done,
 Preserv'd from toil, and rescu'd from the knife,
 Enjoys secure a soft retreat for life ;
 The vacant hunter leaves his green recess,
 Or bowering tree, to share the wish'd caress.

Of meadow, and of shed allow'd the range,
 He finds a shelter for each season's change ;
 And haply oft invited to the spot,
 Where stands his generous master's smiling cot ;
 Gains ready entrance at the good man's door,
 Who sighs to think the days of youth are o'er ;
 Then strokes the hoary front, or silver mane,
 And gently leads him to the fields again.

The sober Ox, and placid Sheep at feed,
 Advance to greet the master of the mead ;
 The feather'd home-tribes too quick gather round,
 Hear his glad summons, and obey the sound ;
 With songs of pleasure hail the early day,
 And varied orisons delighted pay ;
 Their evening incense offer at his shrine,
 And own, *indeed*, " the human face divine ;"
 All seem to beg a blessing at his hands,
 While in the midst, e'en like some god, he stands !

Perchance—for who the ways of Heav'n may
scan ?

The brute's SUPERIOR BEING may be man ;
And when he governs thus with gentle hand,
Chast'ning with smiles the frown of stern command ;
Kind words, kind deeds, like attributes may
shine ;

And, as in presence of a power divine ,
The conscious tribes subordinate may move,
Their deity below, as *ours* above ' !
And e'en their fear partake of pious awe,
Man's voice an edict, and his look a law.

Bless'd thus to think, if thoughts like these dispense,
A touch more vivid to the moral sense ;
If they inspire the imitative glow,
To take, in trust, Heaven's ministry below ;
Receive the homage—we should worship call
When breathing incense to the Lord of all—

As offer'd up to HIM in earnest prayer,
Thro' Man, vicegerent of his guardian care !

Tyrant, by these examples warn'd, be wise,
And know in kindness thy best interest lies ;
Wrinkled by passion now, and now by pride,
The torturer's system thou too long hast try'd ;
And when th' offenders were thy bestial train,
How rarely Reason urges to complain ;
How oft would Reason, spurning thy decree,
Transfer the sentence from thy brute to thee ;
Acquit thy culprit, and indignant own,
Since thine the error, thine should be the groan.
Yes—warn'd, be wise—and let the Muse beguile
To the unwonted softness of a smile ;
'Tis Pity's smile—and if a tear should start,
'Tis Pity's tear—and will not wound thy heart ;
'Twill ope the sacred source of generous woe,
In whose rich stream a thousand virtues flow.

Yet, haply, custom, searing up thy mind,
 Ne'er hast thou felt the charm of being kind.
 KINDNESS can woo the Lion ² from his den,
 A moral teaching to the sons of men ;
 His mighty heart in silken bonds can draw,
 And bend his nature to sweet Pity's law.
 Kindness can lure the Eagle from her nest,
 Midst sunbeams plac'd, content with man to
 rest :

Can make the Elephant ³, whose bulk supplies
 The warrior tower, compassionate, as wise :
 Make the fell Tigress ⁴, from her chain unbound,
 Herself unfed, her craving offspring round,—
 Forget the force of hunger and of blood,
 Meekly receive from man her long-wish'd food ;
 Take, too, the chastisement, and if 'tis just,
 Submissive take it, crouching to the dust.
 KINDNESS can habit, nay, can nature change,
 That swim the deep ⁵, or thro' the forests range.

And for the mild, *domestic* train, who come—
 The Dog—the Steed—with thee to find a home ;
 Gladly they serve thee, serve thee *better* too,
 When only happy beings meet the view :
 Ah ! then let gentler accents, gentler looks supply
 The thunders of thy voice, and lightnings of thine eye.

‘ The wandering Arab may these truths impart ;
 Than gems more precious, bind it round thy
 heart ;

Fierce, savage, fell, and as his desert wild,
 His Steed receives th’ endearments of a child ;
 Feeds at his board, reposes in his tent ;
 Confides, yet ne’er finds reason to repent.
 The wife, the children, trusted to his love,
 The generous Slave seems half afraid to move.
 See on his glossy back the infants lay,
 Or, with his awful tresses, harmless play ;
 The lightest touch restrains, or urges speed ;
 Are England’s coursers a less generous breed ?

Ah ! no ; already this the Muse has shown ;
 Then on Arabian model form thy own,
 And let the leader of a robber band
 Breathe Christian precepts o'er a Christian land !

But some there are, who verging on excess,
 For softness form'd, solicitous to bless,
 May feel a patron's, parent's, anxious fear,
 And of the LOWER WORLD too fond appear.
 Perchance some kind affection, pure and true,
 As ere the generous breast of woman knew,
 In youth's impressive morning, might invade
 The earliest hope of the affianc'd maid ;
 The cherish'd feelings of the plighted heart,
 On some new image must transfer a part.
 Or haply, offspring wish'd, but wish'd in vain,
 They seek some object that may soothe the
 pain.

Love, tho' a despot, ne'er can reign alone,
 But asks some tender partner of his throne ;

And when by fortune, or by fate displac'd,
 He brooks not that his realms should run to waste ;
 On that new image still the hope must rest,
 To soothe, tho' not to fill, the aching breast ;
 And tho' less cherish'd than the former flame,
 Differing as much in Nature as in name ;
 A favourite of the feline, canine race,
 Of grove, mead, garden, may our thoughts embrace
 A feather'd friend, a chosen flower, may prove
 Geliad's sweet balm to disappointed love ;
 We deem a friend each soother of our grief,
 And grow more fond as more it brings relief ;
 And if, from hence, the feeling gives it power,
 The Steed, Dog, Songster, or the simplest flower,
 Favour'd, and like a favourite, caress'd,
 'Tis still the object of a grateful breast ;
 Affection's error in the slight abuse,—
 Since partial kindness mars not general use ;—
 If it ne'er shuts against the griev'd, or poor,
 Compassion's, Friendship's, Nature's, sacred door.

If to all these, and many a want beside,
 And the sweet charities, it opens wide,
 Well may the fond extreme our candour claim,
 And if we blame it, smiling let us blame.

Far lovelier this than his low-thoughted plan,
 Whose world resolves into one useless man ;
 Who never quits his vile primeval clod,
 And feel no touch of Nature, or of God ;
 No care, no kindness, or for bird or beast,
 But as it heaps the idol's sullen feast ;
 One sordid point the compass of his soul,
 Himself at once the Needle and the Pole.

Would we the cause of brute distress explore,
 Turn of life's volume its *first* pages o'er ;
 There read the history of the infant mind,
 Close to the records of the cradle join'd.
 The doating parent, and the gossip friend,
 To blast the opening bud, their influence lend ;

Leagu'd with the nursery, and the kitchen bands,
 In mock revenge they raise the baby hands ;
 Ere Reason can assume her scepter'd sway,
 Fondness and Folly lead the child astray ;
 Teach baby hearts, with idle rage to glow,
 Prompt baby passion to give blow for blow ;
 Urge them with senseless objects war to wage,
 And stir the strife that mars a riper age.
 Thus, while in leading strings, the fragile form,
 And infant bosom swell to mental storm ;
 7 And fancied wrongs from table, or from chair,
 For feuds, more fierce, the ill-taught child prepare.

Behold yon idling groups in school recess,
 Learning full soon the science to oppress ;
 8 There crush'd the egg, and murder'd in its birth,
 The half-form'd embryo seiz'd, and dash'd to earth ;
 Here the shrill scream, loud plaint, and pensive wail,
 While mingling notes of anguish load the gale !

Perversion strange ! when songs of bliss invite,
 That tones of pain and sorrow should delight :
 And stranger still should charm the youthful heart,
 By Nature tender till despoil'd by Art ;
 Art, Janus-like, that shows a double face,
 And at each turn displays a fiend or grace ;
 Nature's best friend—a wise instructor, here ;
 Her direst foe—a base seducer, there.
 On this side, Virtue's lineaments are seen,
 On that, of Vice we trace the hateful mien.

° Hence the warp'd stripling, when arriv'd at man,
 His habits fix'd, full oft pursues the plan ;
 To Reason less, to Passion more inclin'd,
 At length he yields to this, the vanquish'd mind.
 For still in imitative man we find,
 That early culture moulds the human mind ;
 That precept much, and that example more,
 Exert on plastic youth, a wondrous pow'r ;

That habits fix'd at home, gain strength in schools,
¹⁰ Till beardless tyrants mock at grey-beard rules ;
 That cruel pastimes, or of field or flood,
 Form the young despot to delight in blood ;
 That bird or beast, in frolic robb'd of breath,
 Leads on from pang to pang, from death to death.

Myriads from custom, but from Nature few,
 A course like this, from youth to age pursue ;
 Some idly wanton, cruel some from fear,
 But all demand a check in their career.
 Yes, all require the guardian's, parent's eye,
 Intent to watch the growing tyranny—
 That check delay'd, full thrift the mischief leads,
 From the child's follies to man's direst deeds ;
 It is the nourish'd snake, that in the heart
 Infuses poison through each vital part ;
 It is the canker, working to the root,
 Devouring first the blossom and the fruit.

Mothers ! be prompt—for your's the awful care
 Of “ infant man ”—of each extreme beware ;
 If weakly fond—now doating—now severe,
 The Slave and Tyrant you by turns appear.—
 If now you hold too tight, now slack the rein,
 Now bribe, and now delude the youthful train ;—
 If now by anger urg'd, now mov'd by love,
 You but increase the ills you would remove ;—
 The stripling spurns at undeserv'd disgrace,
 And sits himself in judgment on his case ;
 Resists and ridicules unequal sway,
 Usurps the matron throne, or bursts in scorn away.

“ And you, ye Fathers, lur'd by tender thought,
 By potent Nature's magic instincts taught ;
 That when the Sire's allotted sands are run,
 He fills again his hour-glass in the sun ;
 His future self, his present hope and pride—
 Yet, ah ! beware, lest Nature should misguide.

" In Brute she cannot err, in Man she may,
 The fondest Sires led most their sons astray ;
 And oft th' enraptur'd parents' feelings prove,
 Than hate more fatal, tho' they spring from love.

Soon as the long-wish'd gift—an heir appears,
 Nature comes smiling through her graceful tears !
 Comes in a mother's form, and gives the boy
 To a glad father's arms, and all is joy !
 The pangs maternal change to speechless bliss !
 And that immortal moment, when the kiss,
 The *first* fond kiss the infant's lip receives,
 Unconscious of the transport that it gives ;
 The new emotions thronging to the heart,
 What future moment shall such joy impart ?
 The happy father would that joy declare,
 Were it bestow'd while thunders rent the air !
 And summer seem to rise on winter's morn,
 'Tis Nature's jubilee—a son is born !

Indulge awhile the luxury supreme !
 Yet, will it pass like Fancy's baseless dream ?
 Ere as night's vapour from the sunbeam flies,
 If the rapt father proves more fond than wise ;
 If no soft tear attempers ardent hope,
 If the strong instinct takes too wide a scope,
 This blessing so invok'd, implor'd in prayer !
 The father curses in his soul's despair !
 Horrors succeed ! the crime full oft his own,
 From purest passion, into dotage grown.

Haste then, O haste, to teach, with timely care,
 The sacred principle to aid and spare !
 While yet the plastic infant may receive,
 E'en like the new-fall'n snow, the print you give ;
 Ere that impressive, pliant hour be lost,
 Like the snow harden'd to unbending frost ;
 Fix in the ductile breast this awful truth,
 An honour'd age must spring from well-form'd youth.

Teach him, that MERCY by his God was giv'n,
 A seraph messenger direct from Heav'n !
 That all his race in guilt and grief had died,
 Nor ended there, had Mercy been deny'd !
 Tell him, Compassion, is sweet Mercy's child,
 Firm and yet tender, and not weak tho' mild ;
 That from the purest source compassion flows,
 Yet largely shares the blessing it bestows ;
 On his young heart the moral sense impress,
 The fall'n to raise, the injur'd to redress ;
 One truth, o'er other truths sublime, reveal,
 THAT BEAST, BIRD, INSECT, LIKE HIMSELF
 CAN FEEL ;
 That every pang which you for him could know,
 The mother's agony, the father's woe.—
 Should some fell arm your blossom'd hope destroy,
 And in *his* death bereave your souls of joy,
¹³ Would all be their's ! like anguish and despair,
 And tho' more brief than your's, as hard to bear !

But, from whatever source the vice is brought,
 Infus'd by Nature, or from habit caught ;
 Since the fell monster has acquir'd at length
 More than a giant's size, a giant's strength,
 Lifts the Colossal arm, Briarian hand,
 Wantons in pow'r, and stains with blood the land ;
 The voice of thousands in one mingled cry,
 That find an echo in the pitying sigh—
 For justice calls upon that fiend of strife,
 Who sports and revels in the WASTE of life ;
 Who tries the round of tortures to annoy,
 Those who *can* rob him of no human joy ;
 Those who repair his strength, his wants remove,
 Promote his pleasure, and deserve his love ;
 His being cherish, aid his failing breath,
 Nor quit him in the agonies of Death.

THE
LOWER WORLD.

BOOK IV.

ARGUMENT.

Second Address to the Poets of Britain.—The Author's Apology.—Difficulty of the Subject.—Appeal of the respective injured Animals to Man.—Apostrophe to the Society at Liverpool, associated for the Purpose of ameliorating the Condition of the Animal World.—Address to the Lords and Commons of Great Britain in their august Characters as Senators, and important Situation as distinguished Members of Society.—Supposed Personification of the Sufferers, advancing to the Houses of Parliament as to the Seats of Judgment and Mercy.—The Boon of the Petitioners stated.—Summary of the Subject.—Conclusion.—Apostrophe to the known Humanity of the Country in its Resistance of every Species of Oppression, whether practised against Man or Brute, when left to the Guidance of the Moral Sense.

THE
LOWER WORLD.

BOOK IV.

STILL mute Britannia's Bards, while I, by pain,
By sickness sore, unfitted for the strain,
Have now relinquish'd, now resum'd the lyre,
Felt now the Muse's, now the fever's fire ;
While Time prepares his sweeping scythe to bring,
And cover with his own, the poet's wing !
Yet still my heart shall hail the lingering page,
If it but tends to check one tyrant's rage ;
If it but turns aside one threat'ning arm,
Or lures one cruel breast to Pity's charm ;

If it but rouse, tho' late, the tuneful band,
To aid the song, and make one glorious stand.

Yet say, what offering shall the Muse bestow,
Tho' Inspiration bade the numbers flow ;
The sons of Mercy and of Truth to grace,
Illustrious champions of an injur'd race ;
Friends of the Tribes who prove yet want a friend,
Their varied wrongs to soothe, their rights defend ?

Ah! could yon sufferers, labouring with their load,
Assail'd by bludgeons, or the sharpen'd goad ;
Ill-fated victims of the probing lash,
The galling harness, and the deep-mouth'd gash :—
Could yon meek drudge, of wantonness the prey,
By want and strong temptations led astray ;
Impell'd by daring hunger, to forsake
The scanty herbage of the waste, or brake ;
The labours of his day but ill repaid
By the dry thistle, or the wither'd blade ;

Should he, spurn'd Slave ! on these refuse to feed,
 And dare to trespass on the neighbouring mead ;
 Seiz'd, scourg'd, imprison'd in a barren round,
 And left to pine, or perish on the ground ;—
 Or harsher still, could that decrepit crew,
 That long the fullness of the pasture knew ;
 That in the pride of favour, and of prime,
 Seem'd to outstrip, and win the race from Time ;
 The riders bore to triumphs not their own,
 Plac'd by their Steeds upon a conqueror's throne.—
 Could that sad group, devoted to the knife,
 In the last moments of a faithful life,
 The deaf, the dumb, the aged, and the blind,
 Patient in hardships, and to stripes resign'd,
 In slaughter-prisons pent, condemn'd to lie,
 And feel the pang of famine ere they die ;
 Wait the cold leisure of the tyrant's blow,
 In Avarice rapid, yet in Mercy slow.—
 Could these—and myriads more like these, who feel
 The mangling whip, fell staff, and murd'rous steel ;

Severely rais'd by stern barbarian hands,
 Beyond what hunger, or e'en pride demands ;
 Beyond what luxury itself inspires,
 With all its sordid train of vain desires.—
 Yes, could these bruise'd and bleeding victims raise
 The mingled voice of Gratitude and Praise,
 Could they, their advocates, their patrons, know,
 And Heav'n to brute the power of speech bestow,
 What notes of joy thro' woods and wilds would
 ring,
 How rich the offering *their* glad hearts would bring ?
 From low-born Plough-horse to the high-bred Steed,
 What varied tribes would hail the gen'rous deed ;
 The crowded city, and the peopled grove,
 Would echo notes of harmony and love.

But man's sky-reaching powers, to brute deny'd,
 Were, for the suffering universe, supply'd ;
 Were, with a hand of bounty largely giv'n
 To you, harmonious ministers of Heav'n !

Rouse then, ye Bards, who to the loveliest art,
 A gift more precious own—the *feeling heart* :
 O rouse to arms, ye heav'n-descended throng !
 Achilles' spear, less keen than Homer's song !
 Would but Apollo's bands their force unite
 More strong than thine proud Mars in all thy might ;
 Than thine Bellona, more renown'd in fame,
 Save when thou arm'st in bless'd Minerva's name :
 Then haste, ye generous *heroes of the Lyre*,
 And more than all the Muses shall inspire ;
 More than the god who draws the silver bow,
 To help the helpless, shall embattled go ;
 Against a foe of Earth and Heav'n accurs'd,
 A second Crusade holier than the first,
 In Heav'n's own cause might Heav'n's own poet
 sing,
 The Psalmist's harp again might David string.
 Go then—the God of gods your shafts shall
 guide,
 Go, and his Cherubim shall join your side !

Bless'd be the pitying³, heav'n-assembled band,
 And midst the proudest archives of the land,
 Inscrib'd their names in characters to last
 When every tyrant's record shall be cast,
 By Truth's strong arm into forgotten dust—
 Immortal Fame still faithful to her trust !
 Thrice bless'd the generous Synod who debate,
 E'en now to advocate the sufferer's fate ;
 E'en now to aid the unoffending train,
 Smooth their hard toils, and mitigate their pain ;
 Teach Mercy's foes her ardent friends to fear,
 And check the Cruel in their fell career ;
 Strike at their only vulnerable part,
 Virtue's sole passage to a sordid heart,
 Strike at vile INTEREST, idol of the breast !
 That craving cormorant brooding on its nest ;
 Make them for love of gold your law obey,
 Tho' love of gain alone maintains its sway ;
 To acts humane unwillingly resign'd,
 Constrain'd to virtue, while to vice inclin'd.

By manly precept and example too,
 Enforce a sacred truth they never knew ;
 That liberal COMMERCE, when, like your's, it leads
 From great designs, to humanizing deeds,
 Is the fair mean of honourable ends,
 And private good, with public virtue, blends.
 Long, long be your's, the still-increasing store,
 By your own ocean floated to your shore ;
 May every freight come wafted in the gale,
 And your own navy guard the home-bent sail ;
 And, O to crown the meed of heav'n-bless'd wealth,
 Fair bloom in Fortune's wreath, the freshest rose of
 Health !

And ye *, who guard a generous people's rights,
 In whom strong wisdom, with strong power, unites ;
 Ye chosen guardians of a smiling land,
 To whom an empire delegates command ;

* The two houses of parliament.

Patrons, protectors of her awful laws,
 Rise *ye* to aid Compassion's sacred cause ;
 Your's of the Higher World, the highest place,
 Ah ! look with Pity on a hapless race,
 Thrown on the rage or mercy of mankind,
 A tower of strength in you they yet may find.
 Think that you see the desolated throng,
 Cover'd with stripes, and many a bleeding wrong ;
 Think that you see the Suppliants at your feet,
 And hear the pang-extorted moan and bleat ;
 Think you behold them congregating round,
 Dragging their ruins near your hallow'd ground.
 Think that they raise to you th' imploring eye,
 The pitious look, deep wound, and piercing cry ;
 Victims of wanton pride and deadly rage,
 O let them all your eloquence engage ;
 The hard of heart, a moral sense to teach,
 Image then gifted with the powers of speech ;
 Think, that, IN VERITY, just Heav'n bestows
 A human voice to tell inhuman woes ;

Sublim'd awhile *their* Nature to your own,
 Think that you hear them plead from REASON'S
 throne !

Yet, ah ! the sufferers need no aid of speech,
 The bosom'd advocates of man to reach—
 Of man, whose form, ascending from the clod,
 Shames not the awful image of his God,
 The light celestial beaming in his face,
 Protector, patron of the bestial race !
 They ask not lengthen'd days, they ask not life,
 All they *could* wish, to pass devoid of strife ;
 The little span, by craving man decreed †,
 Ere for his raiment and his food they bleed !
 Their hopes, their prayers, e'en were they granted
 all,

Alas ! how great to them, to man how small !
 O then, at length the saving code impart,
 'Tis your's to frame this *statute of the heart*.

This be YOUR law—TO MAKE EACH TYRANT
 KNOW,
 THE WOE HE GIVES SHALL BE RETURN'D BY
 WOE.

Proclaim it loud ! high Heav'n shall bless the sound,
 And Mercy's Angel spread the tidings round ;
 Immortal hands the chaplet shall entwine,
 And fondly wreath it round Britannia's shrine.

And thou ! as oft the raptur'd Muse has sung,
 Devote to thee since first the lyre she strung ;
 E'en to the hour that warns her now to part—
 O may her last fond offering reach thy heart !
 Yes ; thou rever'd and sympathizing land,
 First to extend thy ever-helping hand.
 Oft has thy tender-pity temper'd power,
 And rais'd e'en Vice in dark Misfortune's hour ;
 Brought timely succour to the hapless Slave,
 And snatch'd Pride's destin'd victim from the grave ;

Not Conquest's only, thine COMPASSION'S isle,
 A truth thy Myriads sanction with a smile :
 Bulwarks of strength ! when warm'd to MERCY'S
 cause,
 These Myriads MERCY calls to aid her gentle laws.

And, ah ! when homefelt, or when foreign storms,
 The chequer'd scenery of life deforms,
 Folly and vice, the darkling prospect shroud,
 And wrap thy virtues in an awful cloud ;
 Tho' threat'ning tumults, like tornados fell,
 Life's wholesome breeze to hurricane should swell ;
 Or more portentous of some ill profound,
 The SILENCE THAT IS FELT should brood around ;
 While Charities^s like these, shall pour the ray,
 And shed their lustre o'er fair England's day,
 Still mid the nations, towering o'er the rest,
 Honour'd shall be her deeds, her name be bless'd.



NOTES.



BOOK I.

¹ *Tho' yon dire Snake*—] Alluding to the CONSTRUCTOR, painted by Mr. JAMES WARD, in a manner that exhibits the powers of his mind employed on sublime subjects; at the same time that it displays the truth and vigour of his delineation, in regard to the subjects themselves. His painting of this Terror of Nature is still, we believe, part of his private collection in Newman Street.

This enormous serpent certainly holds the first rank, in regard of size and force, both in the genus, and in the whole order of serpents. In beauty, size, agility, strength, and patient industry to wait for and seize its prey, it far surpasses every other species, and may well be named the king or emperor of serpents. Like the elephant and lion among quadrupeds, the Constrictor far surpasses all the animals of its kind, resembling the elephant in size, and the lion in strength and courage*.

* *Count de la Cépède's Oviparous Quadrupeds and Serpents*, from the Collections of Buffon, translated by Kerr.

From its enormous size and vast force, combined with the brilliancy of its scales and beauty of its colours, this species has been viewed with a degree of admiration mingled with dread, by several half-savage nations*. Their supreme god, named Vilzilipuztli, was represented with a serpent in his right hand, and all his temples and altars were filled with representations of serpents, which we have reason to suppose were intended as images of the Constrictor †.

The Constrictor is not stopped in its course by rivers, or large arms of the sea, and can even swim with ease in the midst of rough waves. It can likewise easily mount to the top of the highest trees; where, fixing itself by the folds of its body to the boughs, it often lies a long time concealed, waiting patiently for some prey to pass underneath. When at too great a distance, or it wishes to reach a neighbouring tree, it twists its tail round a branch, and, balancing its extended body to that fixed point, springs forward with prodigious force, and with the swiftness of an arrow, either against its destined victim, or into the tree it wants to fix itself to. This is the very situation at which Mr. Ward has brought the dreadful energies of this monarch of the serpent tribe, under his pencil.

² *Prompt Marmion's Muse.*] This delightful poet has

* As the ancient Mexicans.

† Hist. Gen. des Voy. 48.

a vigour of expression, a scenic richness of fancy, and a power of exciting the most interesting emotions, on whatever subject his Muse is engaged. We owe, and willingly pay him our gratitude and admiration. But his claims would be still greater, were he to choose a theme that might call for the *whole force* of his talents ; of which, with all their beauties, (and they have many to boast) what he has yet given, are but the blossoms ; the fruit may be expected, and of the highest flavor.

³ *Like Pindar and the lark.] Peter Pindar.* There cannot be the shade of a doubt, in the mind of any one acquainted with the writings of the poet, who has appropriated this signature, that, if the same degree of time and talent had been displayed on less local and personal subjects, he would have given beauty and spirit to themes the very reverse of those he has chosen. This opinion, indeed, has been established by several smaller pieces, to which the public have given a welcome that implies at once admiration and regret.

* *And Gifford thou—*

* By a singular, though entirely accidental coincidence, the names of these two writers are brought near each other, though it is in general recollection the writers themselves are as widely separated from each other by their public as private sentiments. In a general call upon the British living bards, however, the author threw out of his mind, and indeed out of his memory, till revisions of his poem, all differences, personal or literary, that might have subsisted between *any* of the parties invoked, remembering only the different powers with which they

⁴ *Or Devon's bard.*] Rev. Mr. Polwhele, author of "Local Attachment," a poem of peculiar interest and touching sentiment.

⁵ *And ye who meet.*] Literary Fund.

⁶ *Or you whose Muse.*] Rhymes on Art, by Mr. Shee, page 25.

⁷ *Or you who well may boast a double claim.*] The sister Muses, likewise, acknowledge a favoured votary in WILKIE; who, in both the lovely arts has given proof of his genius and sensibility.

⁸ *And Saul thy bard.*] Sotheby, author of Saul, a poem, and other estimable pieces.

^a *And the IONIAN Bard.*] Waller Rodwell WRIGHT, author of "Horæ Ionicæ:" a poem descriptive of the Ionian islands, and part of the adjacent coast of Greece.

were independently and individually gifted; and a warm admiration for their respective genius, without even considering whether they were in friendship or enmity with each other, or to say the truth, with myself. Of the talents of *all* the poets of the country, to which the author has offered this brief and *farewell* compliment, if that can be called complimentary, which states a simple and generally admitted fact, I am not only satisfied myself, but believe every reader will sanction the opinion, that each of the poets here mentioned, (and many more which might have been enumerated) could have advocated this cause of the Lower World with great ability; each after his own manner and *character* of genius.

¹⁰ *And ye colleagues.]* SOUTHEY and COLERIDGE.

¹¹ *Thou Armageddon's bard.]* Mr. George Townshend, of Trinity-College, Cambridge, who has the happiness of being introduced to the public by Mr. Cumberland, under whose auspices a volume of poems, which give promise of ripening talent, have recently been published.

¹² *Thy Muse, O Maurice.]* This estimable man and elegant poet, is author of "Indian Antiquities, Richmond Hill," &c. would do justice to every cause in which his talents and benevolence engaged.

¹³ *Or thou who pitying age.]* Mr. HOLLOWAY, author of a poem, called "The Peasants' Fate," and other pieces, which discover worth, genius, and feeling.

¹⁴ *BLOOMFIELD's lyre.]* This amiable poet has given a very affecting description of a post-horse, in his truly-interesting "Farmer's Boy."

¹⁵ *And thou, lov'd BLACKET.]* The public are as yet but slightly acquainted with the merits of this extraordinary young man; the only mark of his genius, *properly* before them, being "The TIMES," an Ode on the commencement of the year 1809; one of the most important events of which, the glorious though unfortunate struggle of the

Spanish nation for its liberty, furnishing its principal subject. It was, however, not undistinguished by the professional critics, and to adopt the language of one of them, "hailed as possessing many beauties which are not to be found in many of the effusions of a highly-cultivated Muse;" and by another, "as a bud promising future excellence, when matured by time and experience; the age of the author being as they (rightly) understood little more than twenty." His little production, "*The Times*," independently of its poetic merit, will for ever be dear and interesting to the author of "*The Lower World*," as it was the principal means of an introduction, commencing an acquaintance which gradually ripened into friendship, that, by a natural progress, has grown into an affection mutually exchanged. The author of the poem, now soliciting the candour of the reader, would have deemed this information obtrusive, but that, he trusts, it may serve as a *notice* of his speedily intending to solicit a similar favour to farther developements of his young friend's genius, in a volume now in the press, and which will be accompanied by many deeply interesting circumstances, not of merit only, but of misfortune. It may be proper, however, meanwhile, to observe, that a considerable impression of many of the pieces that will be included in the proposed collection, have been liberally dispersed, and largely recompensed for the author's profit and honour by private circulation, under the title of "*Specimens of the Poetry of Joseph*

Blacket," with introductory observations by the editor. And of those specimens *printed*, but still not published, the opinion is so nearly *one*, and that favourable, the editor would treasure it among the few unmixed felicities of life, as a happy earnest of the sanction of the public in general, were not that fair prospect heavily clouded by the still afflicting state of Mr. Blacket's health.

¹⁶ *The claim repulsing.*] It really cannot for a moment be supposed, that a man of so many known private virtues and public talents, as one of the most distinguished members of the House of Commons, who is presumed to be inimical to the object of the bill under consideration, can be serious in his objections; at least to the unimpeachable PRINCIPLE of it, however he may conceive the PRACTICE of it as a law, may be questioned. Nor can it be apprehended that the humane and enlightened gentleman, above-alluded to, will consider *ridicule as the test of truth* in his definitive sentiments on the deep interests of that very humanity which is certainly involved in this question, and which he is allowed on all hands so generally to support in his own character and conduct.

¹⁷ *Rights fix'd as thine.*] It is utterly impossible to deny or to dispute the truths pressed on the attention of the hearer or reader in the subsequent passage:—"In

this, as in every thing else, the whole moral system is inculcated by the pursuit of our own happiness. In this, as in all other things, our duties and our interests are inseparable. I defy any man to point out any one abuse of a brute which is property, by its owner, which is not directly against his own interest. Is it possible then, to contemplate this wonderful arrangement, and to doubt for a single moment that our dominion over animals is a TRUST? Their freedom and enjoyments, when they cease to be consistent with our just dominion and enjoyments, can be no part of their natures; but whilst they are consistent, I say their rights, subservient as they are, ought to be AS SACRED AS OUR OWN."

Lord Erskine's Speech.

BOOK II.

¹ *What nobler feelings.]* A very pleasing example, of the courage, temperance, and fidelity of the dog, is given in the subsequent passage:—

"When during the night he becomes the guard of the house, he assumes a more than usual degree of boldness, and is sometimes even ferocious. He watches, goes his rounds, scents strangers at a distance; and if they stop

or attempt to break into the house, he flies with fury to oppose their entrance ; and by continued barking, and other efforts of passion, he gives the alarm, and thus rouses the family to avert the danger. He is as furious against thieves as he is against rapacious animals. He attacks, wounds, and forces from them whatever plunder they are endeavouring to take away. But contented with his victory he will *lie down upon the spoil, nor even touch it to satisfy his appetite.*"—BINGLEY'S *Memoirs of Quadrupeds.*

In several convents situated among the mountains which divide France and Italy, travellers assure us, a custom prevails that does honour to human nature : in these sequestered cloisters, which are often placed in the most uninhabited parts of the Alps, strangers and travellers are not only hospitably entertained, but a breed of dogs are trained to go in search of wanderers, and are every morning sent from the convents, with an apparatus fastened to their collars, containing some refreshments, and a direction to travellers to *follow* the sagacious animal ; many lives are by this means preserved in that wild romantic country. The Siberian dogs are likewise of tried fidelity, yet the treatment they receive seems but ill calculated for securing their attachment. During the winter, they are fed sparingly with putrid fish ; and in *summer are turned loose, to shift for themselves*, till the return of the severe season renders it *necessary to the master's in-*

terest that they should be taken again into *custody*, and brought once more to their state of *toil and slavery*.

^ A sacred lesson to a prouder race !] In this place it is hoped the reader will permit the author to strengthen his present argument in favour of the dog tribe, by the subsequent stanzas introduced into a former work.

Thou animal sublime, we human call,
 Who deem'st these attributes but instinct's sway,
 Thyself, sole reasoning tyrant of the ball,
 The rest thy slaves, to tremble and obey.

Virtues in thee are instincts in the brute,
 Yet in these instincts, proud One! may'st thou find,
 Plain honest arguments, which oft confute
 The subtlest maxims of thy soaring mind.

* * *

Hast THOU e'er follow'd friend with steps more true,
 With nobler courage hast thou met the foe?
 And if that friend in anger left thy view,
 Hast thou so felt the reconciling glow!

Or if thou hast, O tell me! hast thou borne,
 Insult unmerited, stripes undeserv'd?
 And didst thou both in meek submission mourn,
 As if THOU only hadst from duty swerv'd?

* * *

Thro' life the same, in sunshine and in storms,
 At once his lord's protector and his guide,
 Shapes to his wishes, to his wants conforms,
 His slave, his friend, his pastime, and his pride.

* * *

Lo! while the master sleeps, he takes his rounds,
 His master's happiness his sole delight ;
 A wakeful centinel, whose watch-bark sounds,
 To awe the rude disturbers of the night.

* * *

But would'st thou see an instance yet more dear,
 A touch more rare—thy dog may still afford,
 The example high—go read it on the bier,
 If chance some canine friend survives his lord.—

Awhile survives, his latest dues to pay,
 Beyond the grave his gratitude to prove,
 Moans out his life in slow but sure decay,
 MARTYR SUBLIME, of friendship and of love.

³ *From yon staked Bull.*] “It is a fact,” says Daniel, in his *Rural Sports*, a work of reputation, “that at a bull-baiting in the north of England, a young man, more merciless than the brute he tormented, laid some trifling wager, that he would at separate times cut off all the four feet of his dog, and that after every amputation it would

attack the bull. The cruel experiment was tried, and the dog continued to seize the bull as eagerly as before he was mutilated.—A degrading instance which depicted man as a fiend, inflicting the extreme of cruelty upon an animal, whose courage the intenseness of pain could neither slacken nor subdue.

⁴ *The parents love and fear.*] A butcher lately brought a bitch with her puppies to a bull-baiting, and exclaimed, “I will not say any thing about the goodness of this breed; you shall see.” Immediately he let the bitch at the bull, who pinned him, although she had now scarcely a tooth in her head. He then cut her to pieces with a hedge-bill, and she quitted her hold only with her breath. There was instantly a great demand for the whelps, and he sold them for five guineas a piece. This horrible fact is confirmed by Bewick, and various testimonies no less credible. To put an end to this savage custom of bull-baiting at Wokingham, in Berkshire (where one George Staverton, to his eternal disgrace, left property in 1661, for the purchase of a bull, to be baited every St. Thomas’s day), on the 20th of December, 1801, a most impressive and eloquent sermon was preached by Dr. Barry of Reading.

⁵ *Reclaim’d from happy liberty.*] It should seem that an instinctive love of freedom, and a wish to redeem

others from captivity inspired this noble part of the quadruped race.

It is well known that the wild horses of South America are of Spanish origin, and entirely of the Andalusian breed. They are now become so numerous as to live in herds, some of which are said to consist of ten thousand. As soon as they perceive *domestic* horses in the fields, they gallop up to them, caress, and by a kind of grave and prolonged neighing, *invite them to run off*. The domestic horses are soon seduced to unite themselves to the independent herd, and depart along with them.—*Linnaeus, Buffon, Bingley.*

This is still more strongly confirmed on the same historical evidence by the latent desire of the *unreclaimed* steeds to throw off the yoke, even after they have been in some measure resigned to captivity. When the inhabitants wish to convert some of these wild horses into domestic ones, which they find not very difficult to be done, persons mounted on horseback attack a troop of them; and when they approach them, they throw ropes with great care round their legs, which prevents them from running away. When brought home, they are tied with a halter to a stake or a tree, *without food or drink* for two or three days. After this they are broke in the same manner as the domestic horses; they soon become docile; but, if not carefully watched, will again *join their wild friends*.

* *Next view him on the spot.*] We had every hope of congratulating both the LOWER and HIGHER world on the removal of the public nuisance of the cattle market from Smithfield to a more commodious spot, but are concerned to state that salutary measure appears to be postponed, if not annihilated. Some excellent observations, however, having been thrown out in one of the public prints *, the author of this poem looks upon it as a duty he owes, both to his subject and his fellow-citizens to offer them to the reader's consideration :—

“ The cruelties inflicted on thousands of animals, by being cooped up in a space not one-sixth of the necessary size, is a matter of serious moment to feeling hearts. The value of the cattle sold at Smithfield exceeds 5,000,000*l.* per annum. The present place, cut and intersected as it is with roads, will not contain more than 2400 beasts at a time, whereas this great metropolis demands 4000 to be brought up at a time for its consumption. There is an imperious necessity therefore for a removal. It is besides a serious evil to have a beast market close to an hospital, to which wounded and sick persons are to be conveyed, frequently through droves of cattle, and in the vicinity also of two great seminaries, where thoughtless boys must be often in the way of infuriated animals, Smithfield being near their necessary thoroughfare. The

* Morning Chronicle.

place designed for the new market* is liable to no such objection. It is in the outskirts. It will be inclosed on all sides; and the beasts instead of having to traverse the streets twice to and from the same place, will pass through them but once to the different slaughtering-houses.

'Thou call'st him stubborn!' BINGLEY, in his "Memoirs of British Quadrupeds," which is a very valuable and interesting extension of his "Animal Biography," a work of distinguished merit, and deserved character, observes:— "This animal is doomed to a neglect, which the race by no means deserves. It has become the slave and companion only of the poor. Thus, condemned to the very lowest servitude, it is not only treated with indignity, but oftentimes experiences all the misery of harsh and ill-usage. Naturally patient and persevering, it is loaded with enormous burthens, or compelled to drag the heaviest weights; and, in order to keep it in motion, its sides or back are goaded by a sharp pointed iron prong. Under such treatment, we cannot be surprised that its native spirit is subdued; and that, sometimes, it should show itself intractable or stubborn. Persons who are in habit of seeing these animals treated with the kindness and attention they deserve, know that they are naturally mild and gentle, and that they undergo a reasonable share of labour and fatigue, with cheerfulness and alacrity.

* Islington.

* *The Merciful whose Name.*] “If thou meetest thine enemy’s ox or ass going astray, thou shalt surely bring it back to him again. If thou see the ass of him that *hateth* thee, lying under his burden, and wouldst forbear to help him, thou shalt surely help *with* him.”—*Exodus, chap. xxiii.*

We are informed, moreover, that the mouth of Baalam’s ass was miraculously opened to upbraid the cruelty of the rider, and his barbarous usage of a faithful old servant, which had never stumbled or fell with him before—“Wherefore,” says she, “hast thou smitten me these three times? Am not I thine ass, upon which thou hast ridden ever since I was thine, unto this day, was I ever wont to do so to thee? And he said, Nay.” And when the angry prophet justified his severity to the poor beast, the angel of the Lord pleaded for the ass, and condemned the rider. “Wherefore,” said he, “hast thou smitten thine ass these three times? Unless she had turned from me, surely I should have slain THEE and saved HER alive.”—*Numbers, chap. xxii.*

9 *Nature’s unnumber’d family combine.*

10 *But for these instruments of bounteous Heav’n.*] The whole earth would be overwhelmed with carcasses, and stinking bodies, if some animals did not delight to feed upon them: Therefore when an animal dies, bears, wolves, foxes, ravens, &c. do not lose a moment till they

have taken all away. But if a horse dies near the public road, you will find him, after a few days, swoln, burst, and at last filled with innumerable grubs of carnivorous flies, by which he is entirely consumed, and removed out of the way, that he may not become a nuisance to passengers by his poisonous stench. When the carcasses of fishes are driven upon the shore, the voracious kinds, such as the thorn-back, the hound-fish, the conger eel, &c. gather about and eat them. But because the flux and reflux soon change the state of the sea, they themselves are often detained in pits, and become a prey to the wild beasts, that frequent the shores. Thus the earth is not only kept clean from the putrefaction of carcasses, but at the same time by the economy of nature, the necessaries of life are provided for many animals. In the like manner, many insects at once promote their own good, and that of other animals. Thus gnats lay their eggs in stagnant, putrid, and stinking waters, and the grubs that arise from these eggs clear away all the putrefaction. *Stillington's Tracts.*

Respecting the sagacity of particular animals for general good all naturalists agree, that so various is the appetite of animals there is scarcely any plant, which is not chosen by some, and left untouched by others. The horse gives up the water-hemlock to the goat. The cow gives up the long-leaved water-hemlock to the sheep. The goat gives up the monk's-hood to the horse, &c. for

that which certain animals grow fat upon, others abhor as poison. Hence no plant is absolutely poisonous, but only respectively. Thus the spurge, that is noxious to man, is a most wholesome nourishment to the caterpillar. That animals may not destroy *themselves* for want of knowing this law, each of them is guarded by such a delicacy of taste and smell, that they can easily distinguish what is pernicious from what is wholesome ; and when it happens that different animals live upon the same plants, still one kind always leaves something for the other, as the mouths of all are not equally adapted to lay hold of the gross ; by which means there is sufficient food for all. To this may be referred an economical experiment well known to the Dutch, that when eight cows have been in a pasture, and can no longer get nourishment, two horses will do very well there for some days, and when nothing is left for the horses, four sheep will live upon it.

Ignorant people wonder, not to say murmur, at the wise disposition of the Creator, who has produced so many noxious plants ; but without sufficient reason, for no one plant in the world is universally poisonous, but all things are good, as they came from the hands of the Creator. Physicians often mention that this or that plant is deadly, because its particles are of a nature apt to wound the fibres of the body, or corrupt the juices. But this is only respectively to the species of animals, the sun-spurge, has a milky juice, which causes blotches in

our skin, and horts our fibres, and therefore it is said to be poisonous ; yet the moth, almost entirely lives upon this plant, and prefers it both for taste and nourishment to all others, as it thrives best upon it. Thus one animal leaves that, which to itself is poisonous, to another animal, which feeds upon it deliciously.

¹¹ *Creatures most fear'd.*] We find on the authority of Linnæus, and of the enlightened train mentioned in the *Amœnitates Academicæ*, that, in the grand police and economy of nature, animals remove all impurities arising from animal and vegetable putridity ; and lastly, multiply and disseminate plants, and serve them in many other respects.

The insects are the most numerous tribe of the ministers of nature, the multitude of their species seems to vie with that of plants. Some of these are always found adhering to vegetables, and subsist upon them totally when in the state of caterpillars ; such are the papiliones¹, chrysomelæ², cicadæ³, and a long catalogue besides. It is almost impossible to find a plant not exposed to the ravages of some of these, yet they are all confined to their distinct stations in the same manner as vegetables ; this is proved by innumerable examples in the *Pandora Insectorum*. Every one of these has the care of a single plant

¹ Butterfly.

² Gold-chaffer.

³ Grasshopper.

assigned to it, which when it cannot procure, there are a few others which it preys upon by necessity, to preserve life and perpetuate the species, till a new supply of its more proper and natural food springs up.

Wherever any putrid matter is collected, certain insects are gathered together by it, whose brood devour it, and presently purify the place. Gnats drop their eggs over impure and putrid water, the *musca putris*⁴ in mire, the *musca domestica*⁵ in dunghills, and others in dead carcasses.

Animals seem created to assist in effecting these three purposes :—they assist in the generation of plants by cropping them down, and preventing a sterility, which might be the consequence of too much luxuriance ; they, likewise, admirably contribute to their dissemination, and many of them dig up the earth for the reception of their seeds. Thus hundreds and thousands of separate commissions are given to different animals, that the general proportion of things should be kept up ; and nothing be multiplied beyond it : every created thing has a superior and a subordination appointed.

The bodies of dead fish in the bottom of the water are perforated by eels, and devoured by the myxinæ, besides crabs and some insects : so that here likewise we see the greatest attention employed to preserve purity as well as proportional number.

⁴ B. 176. 17.

⁵ House-fly.

Frogs remove all those superfluities which swarm upon the surface of our waters and wells, as the duck-weed; and those small worms which change into gnats.

The Grallæ⁶ perform their task in lakes and pits, where myriads of insects, ascarides, and worms, are continually employed in removing all impurities.

It is the business of the Picæ to clear the earth by picking up the worms and insects; the Buceros and Corvus corax⁷ devour carrion.

The Accipitres find their appointed food in dead bodies.

The principal food of the Buteo⁸ is the toad.

The Haliæetus⁹ scarcely touch any thing but dead carcasses.

The owl destroys the superfluous bats, mice, and the nocturnal mammalia, besides moths.

The Cete¹⁰, with the Phocæ¹¹ and Lutræ¹², are the rulers of the waters, and subsist by repressing the too great abundance of their inhabitants.

The Pecora and Belluæ¹³ every year devour the herbs that the face of the earth may be cleared for its annual renovation.

The Glires¹⁴ have it assigned to them in office to gnaw away and consume all superfluous and dead substances.

⁶ Order 4.

⁷ Raven.

⁸ Buzzard.

⁹ Osprey.

¹⁰ Order 7.

¹¹ Sea-calf.

¹² Others.

¹³ Order 5, and 6.

¹⁴ Order 4.

The Feræ¹⁵ are employed in taking away dead carcasses from the surface of the earth, and hence they are assembled at places where they abound, but accompanied by the falcon, the vulture, the owl and the crow, and other birds destined to the same service ; being all drawn together by the putrid scent of their prey.

Vegetables likewise, which are so many proofs of the wisdom of the great Creator, are destined always to preserve their number of species.

Vast or minute.] How finely is this illustrated in the following impressive arguments, clothed in the attractive garb of poetry.

“ How wond’rous is this scene ! where all is form’d
 With number, weight, and measure ! all design’d
 For some great end ! where not alone the plant
 Of stately growth ; the herb of glorious hue,
 Or food-full substance ; not the labouring steed,
 The herd, and flock that feed us ; not the mine
 That yields us stores for elegance and use ;
 The sea that loads our table, and conveys
 The wanderer man from clime to clime, with all
 Those rolling spheres, that from on high shed down
 Their kindly influence ; not these alone,
 Which strike ev’n eyes incurious, but each moss,

¹⁵ Order 2.

Each shell, each crawling insect holds a rank
 Important in the plan of Him, who fram'd
 This scale of beings; holds a rank, which lost
 Wou'd break the chain, and leave behind a gap
 Which nature's self would rue."—*Stillingfleet*.

¹¹ 'Tis true that noxious beings oft annoy.] Let us not imagine, when these rapacious animals sometimes do us mischief, that the Creator planned the order of nature according to our private principles of economy; for the Laplanders have one way of living; the European husbandman another; the Hottentots and savages a third, whereas the stupendous economy of the Deity is one throughout the globe. *Ibid.*

¹² And chanticleer will spar.] The author has to express his gratification from the perusal of an *Essay on Humanity to Brutes* *, by Mr. Young of Trinity College, Cambridge, and mentioned by Lord Erskine in his

* Printed for Cadell and Davies. To this Essay is prefixed an Ode to Humanity, by the Rev. C. Hoyle, of Trinity College, Cambridge.

" But O for some benignant charm,
 That might, in happy hour,
 Subdue the tyrant pride of power,
 The torturing hand of rage disarm,
 And on each heart the precept bind
 Of mercy to the brutal kind !"

The whole ode breathes the generous ardour of this passage, and combines the spirit of poetry with that of piety.

“Speech” with justly merited distinction. It displays the subject of the “**LOWER WORLD**” in a great many interesting points of view; and while the author of the poem congratulates himself in perceiving he has thought and felt with Mr. YOUNG in many of the points discussed, he regrets that the book came under his eye too late to avail himself of its contents to strengthen some of his arguments, except by enriching the NOTES with the following excellent observations on *cock-fighting*, and some other valuable remarks, which will be found in their proper places.

“Fighting of cocks is productive of more mischief than most other cruel sports. In particular it is notorious as a nursery for cheats and pick-pockets. In this feature, and as it is ridiculous for exciting in the amateurs an heat and eagerness utterly disproportioned to their object, it has been admirably touched by the manners-painting pencil of Hogarth *. ‘What aggravates the reproach and disgrace upon Englishmen, are those species of fighting which are called the Battle-royal, and the Welch-

* See his “Cock-pit.” Mr. Young will rejoice, as will all minds constructed like his, to know that the long-established receptacle of this most cruel recreation, the *Royal Cock-pit*, in St. James’s Park, is at length abolished. It has been too long the resort of the wanton or avaricious, and escape of the kind and liberal. The governors and trustees of Christ’s Hospital, (to whom the ground belongs) met on the spot, the *very day the lease expired*: and as might be expected from the patrons of so glorious an institution, gave directions for the immediate erasure of the building.

main, known no where in the world but there. These are scenes so bloody as almost to be too shocking to relate ; and yet as many may not be acquainted with the horrible nature of them, it may be proper for the excitement of our aversion and detestation, to describe them in a few words. In the former an unlimited number of fowls are pitted ; and when they have slaughtered one another for the diversion of the other-wise generous and humane Englishman, the single surviving bird is to be esteemed the victor, and carries away the prize. The Welsh-main consists, we will suppose, of sixteen pair of cocks ; of these, the sixteen conquerors are pitted a second time ; the eight conquerors of these are pitted a third time ; the four conquerors a fourth time ; and lastly, the two conquerors of these are pitted a fifth time ; so that (incredible barbarity !) thirty-one cocks are sure to be most inhumanly murdered for the sport and pleasure, the noise and nonsense, the profane cursing and swearing, of those who have the effrontery to call themselves, with all these bloody doings, and with all this impiety about them, Christians ; nay, what with many is a superior and distinct character, men of benevolence and morality. But let the morality and benevolence of such be appreciated from the following instance, recorded as authentic in the obituary of the Gentleman's Magazine * :

* This is also to be found in the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.

“ Died, at T——, John A——, Esq. He was very fond of cock-fighting ; and had a favourite cock upon which he had won many profitable matches. The last bet he laid upon this cock, he lost ; which so enraged him, that he had the bird tied to a spit, and roasted alive before a large fire. The screams of the miserable animal were so affecting, that some gentlemen who were present attempted to interfere ; which so enraged Mr. A——, that he seized a poker, and with the most furious vehemence declared, that he would kill the first man who interposed ; but, in the midst of his passionate asseverations, he fell down dead upon the spot.”



BOOK III.

¹ *Their deity below, &c.*] Since the sheet in which this passage appears was printed off, the author has met with the following observations, not unfavourable to the idea.

“ Though not endued with mental powers, equal to those of man, they possess in some degree, every faculty of the human mind ; sensation, memory, imagination ; the principle of imitation ; curiosity, cunning, ingenuity, gratitude, or respect for superiors, *which is devotion* : all these are discoverable, in the brute creation : every spe-

cies, too, has a language, either of sounds, or gestures, sufficient for the individuals to communicate their wants to each other; and some animals, understand in part, the language of man.

Young animals examine all objects they meet with, and in this investigation, they employ all their organs: the first periods of their life, are dedicated to study.

Edinburgh Transactions.

² *Kindness can woo the lion.*] We are assured from numberless authorities, that the anger of this animal is noble; that his courage is magnanimous, and his disposition grateful. He has often been seen to despise contemptible enemies, and pardon their insults when it was in his power to have punished them. He has been known to spare the lives of such creatures as were thrown to be devoured by him, to live peaceably with them, to afford them part of his subsistence, and sometimes even to want food himself rather than deprive them of that life which his generosity had spared.

³ *Can make the elephant.*] There is scarcely any animal in the creation that has at different times occupied so much the attention of mankind as the elephant. The disposition of those animals is gentle, and their manners social, for they are seldom seen wandering alone. A variety of soothing and caressing arts are practised after

being ensnared in the first instance to reconcile him to servitude ; sometimes the keeper threatens, and even goads him with a long stick pointed with iron, but more generally coaxes and flatters him, scratching his head and trunk with long bamboo split at one end into many pieces and driving away the flies from his sores and bruises. In a few days he advances cautiously to his side, and strokes and pats him with his hand, at the same time speaking to him with a soothing voice, and after a little while the beast begins to know his keeper and obey his commands. By degrees the latter becomes familiar, and at length mounts upon his back from one of the tame elephants ; and from hence he gradually increases the intimacy as the animal becomes more tame, till at last he is permitted to seat himself on his neck, from which place he is afterwards to regulate and direct all his motions.

⁴ *Make the fell tigress.*] The tiger, if taken young, and kindly treated, may for a short time, at least till his ferocity comes with his age, be in some measure domesticated and rendered mild and playful to his keepers. An instance of which is thus recorded by Bingley :—" A beautiful young tiger brought from China, in the year 1790, when only ten months old, in the Pitt East Indiaman, was so far domesticated as to admit of every kind of familiarity from the people on board. It seemed to be quite harmless, and was as playful as a kitten. It frequently

slept with the sailors in their hammocks ; and would suffer two or three of them to repose their heads on its back, as upon a pillow, while it lay upon the deck. In return for this indulgence, it would, however, now and then, steal their meat ; having one day stolen a piece of beef from the carpenter, he followed the animal, took the meat from its mouth, and *beat it severely for the theft, which punishment it suffered with all the patience of a dog.*"

⁶ *The wandering Arab.*] A beautiful instance of the good effect of kind usage may be drawn from the Arabian.

There cannot be a doubt but that the constant intercourse between the Arabs and their horses, says Bingley, arising from living in the same tent with their owner and his family, creates a familiarity that could not otherwise be effected, and a tractability that can proceed only from the *kindest usage*. And so obedient are they to the will of the rider, as to be directed in their course merely by the motion of a slender switch. The Arab, his wife, and children, always lie in the same apartment with the mare and foal, who instead of injuring, suffer the children to rest on their bodies and necks without in the least incommoding them.

⁷ *And fancied wrongs.*] Nothing more common than to hear attendants or relations of children, impute to

these, or other parts of furniture, or even to the floor itself, the injury or pain which an infant receives from a fall or other accident.

³ *There crush'd the egg.*] The Author of the Essay on "Humanity to Animals" thinks, and humanity itself must have suggested the thought, "that by proper management they might be brought to take more pleasure in KNOWING OF a number of nests, in going to visit them at intervals, and in observing the progress from the first foundation of the nest to the flight of its inhabitants, than in getting into their possession either the eggs or the young ones." He adds, that he has known an instance of a family of children standing single in this respect, among a *whole village*. Nor are the natural and social affections of the scaly race less powerful than those of the feathered tribe; a most interesting example of which is given of the whale and round-tailed *Manati*, on the combined authority of Linnæus, Pennant, Grieve, Buffon, and the author of "Animal Biography." The *Whale-tailed Manati* live entirely in the water, and in other respects they so nearly approach the whale tribe, as scarcely to deserve the name of quadrupeds. What are denominated feet are little more than pectoral fins, which serve only for swimming. In their manners they are peaceable and harmless, and bear the strongest attachment to each other. When one is hooked, *the whole herd will attempt its rescue*;

some will strive to overset the boat, by going beneath it; others will fling themselves on the rope of the hook, and press it down in order to break it; and others, again, will make the utmost efforts to wrench the instrument out of the body of their wounded companion. In their conjugal affection, if such it may be termed, they are most exemplary. A male, after having used all his endeavours to release his mate which had been struck, *pursued her to the very edge of the water*; and no blows that were given could force him away. As long as the deceased female continued in the water, he persisted in his attendance, and even for *three days, after she was drawn on shore, cut up and carried away*, he was observed to remain in expectation of her return.

The round-tailed *Manati* are found in the African rivers, from Senegal to the Cape, and in abundance on some of the eastern coasts of South America. In the river of Amazons they are often seen nearly a thousand leagues from its mouth. The affection of the parent for her young is as conspicuous in this as in the last species. If a young one is with its mother when she is struck by a fisherman, careless of her own sufferings, she affectionately takes it, if not too large, under her fins or feet to protect it from her own fate.

¹⁰ Till beardless tyrants.] The golden verses of Pythagoras are not of more sterling value than the following

sentiments. They might be formed into **GOLDEN RULES**, and preserved among the archives of every father of a family, and bequeathed with pious care to posterity !

“ The cruelties which we daily deplore, in children and in youth,” says Lord Erskine, “ arise from defect in education, and that defect in education from the very defect in the law, which I ask your lordships to remedy. From the moral sense of the parent re-animated, or rather in this branch *created by the law*, the next generation will feel, in the first dawn of their ideas, the august relation they stand in to the **LOWER WORLD, AND THE TRUST WHICH THEIR STATION IN THE UNIVERSE IMPOSES ON THEM**. This extension of benevolence to objects beneath us, become habitual by a sense of duty inculcated by law, will reflect back upon our sympathies to one another, so that I may venture to say firmly, that this bill, may not only be an honour to the country, but an æra in the history of the world.”

¹¹ *And you, ye fathers.]* In the prints of the inimitable Hogarth, the *progress* of cruelty is traced from the tormenting of cats, dogs, and other harmless animals, through all its varieties, till the perpetrator arrives at the horrid pitch of murdering a fellow creature. A youth may think his station in life, and the soft refinements of a superior education will exempt him from the like atrocious acts; but no one knows to what a point the indulgence

of bad habits will lead : and as an affecting instance of gradual depravity, it has been recorded, that a boy, who, in a fit of ill humour, squeezed to death a harmless sparrow, committed, when a man, in a paroxysm of rage, the like enormity on one of his own children.

In confirmation of this, Mr. Young justly observes: " A child makes his first essays of cruelty upon the weakest and most defenceless parts of the animal creation : from thence he proceeds, as his strength and powers of cruelty increase, to attack the stronger and more formidable : last of all, after having been thus trained in a regular exercise of savageness, he falls upon his own species. When the boy has been accustomed to contemplate with pleasure the cries and writhings of tortured animals, what better can be expected of the man, than that he should feel an enjoyment in the sufferings of human beings? Cruelty, like all other vices, is progressive and ingenious; it calls continually for stronger gratifications, and is driven upon refined methods of satisfying its cravings."

It is not in language to close the foregoing remarks, better than by adding the appeals of the very MUSE of LOVING-KINDNESS and MERCY, the tender COWPER.

" Ye, therefore, who love mercy, teach your sons
To love it too! The spring time of our years
Too soon dishonour'd and defil'd, in most,
By *budding* ills, that ask a prudent hand
To check them! But alas! none sooner shoots,

If unrestrain'd, into luxuriant growth,
Than *cruelty*, more devilish of them all."

¹² *Would all be theirs.*] Among the striking instances of the force of affection in birds, the following anecdote, related by the Rev. Mr. White, in his Natural History of Selborne, and quoted by Mr. Young is truly astonishing :

"The fly-catcher of the Zoology (the stoparola of Ray) builds every year in the vines that grow on the walls of my house. A pair of these little birds had one year inadvertently placed their nest on a naked bough, perhaps in a shady time, not being aware of the inconvenience that followed. But an hot sunny season coming on before the brood was half fledged, the reflection of the wall became insupportable, and must inevitably have destroyed the tender young, had not affection suggested an expedient, and prompted the parent-birds to hover over the nest all the hotter hours, while with wings expanded, and mouths gaping for breath, they screened off the heat from their suffering offspring."

Shall I not be forgiven for inserting in this place, the following most affecting instance of maternal affection, even in the BEAR! sanctioned by the benevolent Dr. Percival, and to be found in the Journal of a Voyage for making Discoveries towards the North Pole :—

"Early in the morning, the man at the mast-head of the Carcase gave notice that three bears were making

their way very fast over the ice, and that they were directing their course towards the ship. They had, without question, been invited by the scent of the blubber of a sea-horse, killed a few days before, which the men had set on fire, and which was burning on the ice at the time of their approach. They proved to be a she BEAR, and her two cubs; but the cubs were nearly as large as the dam. They ran eagerly to the fire, and drew out from the flames part of the flesh of the sea-horse that remained unconsumed, and ate it voraciously. The crew from the ship threw great lumps of the flesh of the sea-horse, which they had still left, upon the ice, which the old bear fetched away singly, laid every lump before her cubs as she brought it, and dividing it, gave each a share, reserving but a small portion to herself. As she was fetching away the last piece, they levelled their muskets at the cubs, and shot them both dead; and in her retreat they wounded the dam, but not mortally.

“It would have drawn tears of pity from any but the unfeeling to have marked the affectionate concern expressed by this poor beast, in the last moments of her expiring young. Though she was sorely wounded, and could but just crawl to the place where they lay, she carried the lump of flesh she had fetched away, as she had done others before, tore it in pieces, and laid it down before them; and when she saw they refused to eat, she laid her paws first upon one, and then upon the other,

and endeavoured to raise them up : all this while it was pitiful to hear her moan. When she found she could not stir them, she went off, and when she had gotten at some distance, looked back and moaned ; and that not availing her to entice them away, she returned, and smelling round them, began to lick their wounds. She went off a second time, as before ; and having crawled a few paces, looked again behind her, and for some time stood moaning. But still her cubs not rising to follow her, she returned to them again, and with signs of inexpressible fondness, went round one and round the other, pawing them and moaning. Finding at last that they were cold and lifeless, she raised her head towards the ship, and growled a curse upon the murderers, which they returned with a volley of musket-balls. She fell between her cubs, and died, licking their wounds."

BOOK III.

¹ *In slaughter prisons pent.*] "Another abuse," says Lord Erskine, "exists, not less frequent and much more shocking, because committed under the *deliberate* calculation of intolerable avarice. I allude to the practice of buying up horses when past their strength, from old age or disease, upon the computation (I mean to speak literally) of how many days torture and oppression they are capable

of living under, so as to return a profit with the addition of the flesh and skin, when brought to one of the numerous houses appropriated for the slaughter of horses.

“ This horrid abuse, which appears at first view to be incapable of aggravation, is nevertheless most shockingly aggravated when the period arrives at which one would think cruelty must necessarily cease, when exhausted nature is ready to bestow the deliverance of death. But even then, a new and most atrocious system of torture commences, of which, I could myself be a witness in your committee, as it was proved to my own perfect satisfaction, and that of my friend Mr. Jekyll, upon the information of a worthy magistrate, who called our attention to the abuse.”

The following authenticated letter was then adduced in proof, and read by the noble mover of the bill.

“ A very general practice of buying up horses still alive, but not capable of being even further abused by any kind of labour. These horses, it appeared, were carried in great numbers to slaughter-houses, but not killed at once for their flesh and skins, but left without sustenance, and literally starved to death, that the market might be gradually fed. The poor animals in the mean time frequently gnawing one another's manes in the agonies of hunger*.”

* It is well known that the Mosaic law to guard against tortures being inflicted on animals, which were slaughtered for sustenance, or-

² *Bless'd be the pitying.*] A society has been lately formed at Liverpool, for preventing wanton cruelty to brute animals. At their first general meeting, they appointed a committee to prepare an account of the objects of the society, and of the modes which they might deem best fitted to secure the accomplishment of those objects; and this committee accordingly presented a report, of which the following is the substance: "The great object of the society is to meliorate the state of *brute animals*, by preventing those sufferings which they *unnecessarily* experience at the hand of man. Your Committee judge that you may aim to accomplish this object in two ways: 1. By the exercise of coercion with respect to those who are guilty of cruelty to brute animals; 2. By the diffusion of such principles and feelings as shall be incompatible with the existence of that spirit, whence cruelty to animals originates. The coercion exercised may be of three sorts; that of the *laws*, that of *shame*, and that of individual *discountenance*. For one of the species of cruelty towards brute animals existing in this town, (we mean the overloading of carter's horses) the law has provided a remedy. All that your Committee, therefore, judge to be needful for the removal of this evil, is the due *enforcement* of the law. The sense of shame may, they think,

dained them to die by a highly polished and pointed instrument, and at a single operation; if the bone was pierced, or the beast mangled it was deemed unclean and burnt.

be turned to good account in the service of this society. A man may be perfectly indifferent to the sufferings of brute animals, who may, nevertheless, dread that the *public should talk of his cruelty*. Your Committee propose, therefore, that a committee be appointed for the purpose of enquiring into reported cases of cruelty, and of publishing the accounts of them (*when the facts are well established*) in the papers of the day.

2. The abuses which have appeared to your Committee to be most prevalent in this town, and to call for the most *immediate* attention, and to which they would apply some of the above-stated principles of redress, are those practised by carters and by butchers. Concerning carters, they have told you that they mean, at the close of this report, to submit to you a resolution. The cruelties of butchers are displayed, chiefly, when they are driving their beasts into or through the town. One of your Committee saw a sheep with one of its horns *torn out of the socket*, stated by the populace to have been *beaten or wrested out by the driver*. The practice of cutting* the *heel-tendons* of sheep before they enter the town, in order that the drivers may have *less trouble* with them in passing through the streets (a practice the alledged necessity for which would be removed by the employing a larger number of drivers) is, your Committee have reason to believe,

* This barbarous expedient is mentioned also in the Appendix at the end of the poem.

by no means uncommon. Such things call for the marked animadversion of those who are desirous to lessen the sufferings of brute animals ; and in the present uncertainty of the disposition of the law, as to such practices, your Committee do strongly recommend it to the individuals of this society, to show their disapprobation of those who perpetrate, or authorise them, by withholding from them their support, *in the way of trade.*

3. The duty to be tender to the inferior creatures, they hold to be obligatory on men of every rank ; and a rich man, who *wantonly abuses* his power over a brute animal, ought, they conceive, the more especially to be an object of censure, because his *example* may operate the more largely as a supposed warrant. In your individual capacities, they would recommend to you, that you should expel the *spirit of cruelty from your own houses*, that you should especially allow none of those practices to exist within the *range of your influence*, by which brute animals are made to suffer pain, either for the mere *amusement* of men, or for the qualification of a *pampered luxury*.

Monthly Magazine, for April 1810.

³ *The mangling whip.*] A few months ago, the following unparalleled instance of cruelty occurred at North Shields:—A horse, drawing a heavily loaded cart up Bedford-street, being unable to reach the summit of the hill, the driver, assisted by a joiner, beat the animal most

unmercifully, to no purpose; at length the latter suggested the horrid scheme of setting fire to a quantity of shavings under the horse's belly, which was actually adopted, without any apparent remorse. The poor animal made every exertion to remove the vehicle, but in vain; and, after the fire had spent its fury, the two monsters were under the necessity of clapping their shoulders to the cart, in aid of that brute they had so cruelly tormented.

⁴ *The little span by craving man.*] Mr. Pope, in one of the most beautiful argumentative passages of his "Essay on Man," says,

"Nay, feasts the *animal* he dooms *his* feast,
And, till he ends the being, MAKES IT BLESS'D."

This can only be taken relatively; pre-supposing the "being" appertains to a *good* master: in the hands of a *bad* one, the life of the "being" is the very reverse of being "bless'd."

⁵ *While charities like these.*] A valuable book * of information and reference on the subject of our institutions of national benevolence, is recently published, in which the widely diffused bounties, that in other works are only noticed or detailed separately, are here collected, like scattered rays of the sun, concentrated into one

* *Pietas Londinensis.* By A. Highmore, esq.

splendid focus. The humane reader will require no apology for closing the preceding poem, with a passage from the above-mentioned work, so honourable to the *higher*, and holding out so cheering and well-founded a hope, that "the private benevolences of the rich and powerful are, in England, countless as the sand; an attempt to enumerate the gifts which every family, and every individual of it bestow, would be vain. It is alike impracticable to tell the various channels in which the stream of benevolence flows among equals: all these the veil of humility and charity conceals; and if they are ever known, it is by their effects. It is thus that the spirit to think, and to do what is right, is abroad amongst us, and has persuaded our hearts that we are entrusted with each other's welfare."

"But the benevolence which is public in England, is seen every where. The legislative and parochial taxation for the poor is estimated at an annual amount of several millions; in addition to which, no part of the army, or of the navy, the church, for any other establishment; not the smallest congregations for worship among the numerous denominations of Christians, or of Jews; not the smallest district, not a hamlet, or a village, unknown to the passing traveller, and too insignificant to find a place on the map; not a city or town, parish or ward, throughout the united kingdom; not a manufacture of the least extent; not a corporate asso-

ciation, or company for trade, agriculture, science, education, or medicine; not a club for the enjoyment of festivity, for the pleasures of the chace, or for the indulgence even of luxury, in her various folds; not even a theatre will be found without their respective institutions of charity to which a willing and prompt subscription flows almost without solicitation; and in all which, both the extent of opulence and splendour, and the parsimonious distributions of the scantiest means, alike afford for the necessitous a proportional tythe, and far more than a tythe of all they possess. Thus every individual in England becomes a benefactor to himself."

"Whosoever will take the trouble to turn out of the high road, and visit but a few of the habitations of want and infirmity, which he is accustomed to relieve by his voluntary subscription to any of these charitable institutions, he will find his benevolent design amply justified, and see the necessity of his work; and while he seeks to hide an involuntary tear, which springs at the wailings of sorrow, or the praises of gratitude, he will, perhaps, as he walks away, cherish the feelings they have inspired."

APPENDIX.

THE Author felt it incumbent upon him to gain information on this interesting subject by every mean within his reach. He is indebted to an ingenious and investigating friend, several of whose compositions are before an approving Public, for the following references to the "Monthly Review," in the progress of their official reports. The series will probably furnish those who may be in possession of the Journal above-mentioned, with what has been advanced, in point of argument towards justifying the ways of man to brute, by a *succession* of writers, with remarks of the Critic upon their respective dissensions of the question.

Animals, apology for torturing in experiments, i. 375.

———— inquiry into the right of mankind to the use of them, xiii. 162.

———— cruelly treated by mankind, xxxii. 79.

———— cruel experiments on, xxxix. 573.

———— unjustifiable cruelty of torturing in ANATOMICAL EXPERIMENTS, xliii. 213.

Animals, mercy and tenderness to, recommended from the PULPIT, xlvii. 291.

—— their death from mephitic exhalations, lvii. 484; and particularly from the Grotto de Cane, lvii. 507.—The *half killing Dogs* for AMUSEMENT OF VISITORS, is a remarkable circumstance in the history of man's cruelty to the "LOWER WORLD," and should be noted by the Author.

—— cruel treatment of, censured, lxxix. 315.

Brutes, on clemency to, *ibid.* xxiv. 314; and on a lecture proposed to inforce the *obligation* of clemency to.

—— their existence in a future state maintained, xxxviii. 129. "I know not," observes my friend, "the arguments the writer uses to support this. If he is successful, man has a dreadful account to settle."

—— on the reason of, lx. 58.

—— never mistake their natural fitnesses, and particularly *Dogs*, xii. 358.

—— whether to be considered as machines, lxxiv. 498.

Cruelty of man to inferior animals, striking picture of, lxvii. 83.

Dog, instance of one that was taught to speak, ix. 370.

—— funeral of one described, xi. 498.

—— English, a considerable article in the ancient commerce of this country, xxix. 509.

Dog, cruelly used in the business of hunting, lxxv. 217.

—— remarkable story of, lxxvii. 18.

Horse, respect due from man to, xxxi. 189.

—— censure of a flagitious horse-race, *ibid.*

Why in his way-worn heel, that bleeding gash?*—The answer to this question is furnished by the friend who supplied the preceding references:—"Cutting the tendons of the hinder legs of cattle, is certainly employed to obstruct their natural means of escaping from the torturer. The worthy fraternity of bullock-drivers, in the lowest cant of their avocation, denominate it *letting-down*; technically *houghing*, pronounced **HOCKING**—to retard action as well as to stimulate exertion."

In regard to these EXPERIMENTS it cannot be doubted that all just thinking and just feeling men will support the opinion expressed by Mr. Young, whose book having appeared so long since as the year 1798, must have come under the inspection of the "Monthly Reviewers," and, perhaps, the work here referred to may belong to one or both of these very articles. It, at any rate, proposes a moral and *medical* reform of this practice in the following indisputable observations:—"I will not venture to

condemn any experiment, although it may give great pain to the animal upon which it is made, if it has for its object the leading to such skill as may prevent or remove far greater pain in other animals, or in man. I think also that whenever a truth in Natural Philosophy has been once sufficiently established by experiments, no experiment *of the same sort*, or new one tending *only* to the same conclusion, ought to be made, unless it can be done without cruelty to animals. Why, for instance, might not students in Natural Philosophy begin now, after innumerable proofs by experiment, and upon the testimony of so many authors of undisputed authority, to believe that fishes cannot live in water without air, although they did not actually SEE them gasping in Exhausted Receivers?"—He adds, "I should find considerable difficulty in attempting to fix upon any particular instances of cruelty in experiments relating to Anatomy, because the plea of utility and necessity would be always ready at hand to oppose to my objection.—But, surely, when one Anatomist*, affecting to speak in a light and pleasant manner of the patience displayed by an hedgehog that was DISSECTED alive, tells us, that it suffered its feet to be nailed down to the table, and its entrails to be cut into pieces, *without a single groan*, bearing every stroke of the operator's knife with a more than Spartan

* Vide Pennant's British Zoology. Article Hedge-Hog.

fortitude; and when another * professes himself to have been AMUSED with the noise of a grasshopper, *excited by tortures*—when, in the descriptions of experiments, we meet with expressions of the above nature, we have good reason to suspect that there was some cruelty in the experiments themselves.”

There are many cruelties not enumerated in the Poem, or the Notes, of which children are guilty; and to the committing of which they are not seduced by equal temptation with that of bird-nesting—the various modes of torturing toads and frogs; the spinning of the cock-chaffers, the *pleasure* of which consists in their thrusting a pin through the body of the unfortunate insect, to which they affix a string, holding the other end of it in their hands: the misery and torture that the poor animal is consequently labouring under, induces it to fly round in an agonized manner. The string confining his flight, generally forms a circle, in the sight of this, and in the buzzing noise his struggling wings make in this circular round of torture, is all the diversion.

SPARMAN, in his “Voyages,” reports, the good people of Sweden believe three sins will be forgiven a man if he

* Vide Phil. Trans. for 1793. Part I. Article 4.—and also the British Critic, for Sept. 1793.

replace on its feet a *cockchafer*, which has happened to fall upon its back, as it cannot, without great difficulty, turn of itself. Baiting of badgers, hedge-hogs, and hunting of squirrels, are popular cruelties, winked, if not smiled at, in children.

BINGLEY observes, in regard to the squirrels, that the activity of these animals render it a very difficult task, to take full grown ones alive; yet school-boys sometimes contrive to do this by going in great numbers into the woods, and pursuing the animals with violent noises. On such occasions their recollection forsakes them, and they often fall to the ground from *terror and alarm*.

Amongst the unnecessary cruelties of "children of a larger growth," docking, nicking, and cropping of horses, are to be enumerated.

Heavy by Nature, sullen, slow and grave.—Dancing bears.* The proprietors and leaders of bears confess, that those animals are first taught to dance by placing them upon an *heated floor*, and playing some tune to them in the mean time. It is justly observed, however, that magistrates have the power to prevent persons from travelling about the country with shows of the above description; and by a proper exertion of it they would do much good, besides cutting off one source of cruelty to animals.

* See Book 2. line 12.

The Appendix affords the Author an opportunity to notice a poetical effusion just brought to him by a friend, consisting only of half a sheet, on this interesting subject, under the title of "Mercy." It was printed at Liverpool, but without any publisher's name : from which circumstance it is to be presumed that it was limited to private circulation. Be that as it may, it is the offering of some rightly instructed mind, and probably of some youthful Muse, whose sentiments are perfectly in unison with those of the author of the LOWER WORLD : especially in hoping ardently that * "*the Genius of Britain cannot behold with insensibility, Greatness, Wisdom, and Virtue, struggling against Ignorance, Prejudice, and Cruelty, to rescue from oppression an INNOCENT AND UNJUSTLY DESPISED part of the creation* †." And as fervently wishing, that the noble-minded man ‡, who comes forward with a Bill,

" To § aid the persecuted rise,
And who would lawless cruelty chastise,
May still proceed ; till with heroic blow,
He lays the hydra-headed monster low !"

The Author cannot more impressively, perhaps, in the whole round of language, sum up the whole of the rea-

* Advertisement prefixed.

† Page 13 of the Poem.

‡ LORD ERSKINE.

§ The author has been informed, that Lord Milford and Sir Charles Bunbury zealously attempted, many years ago, to bring in a Bill similar in some respects to the present, on *accumulated experience of its necessity*.

sonings and feelings upon this subject, than by the following sentiments, derived partly from the highest human, and partly from the highest divine authority.

A righteous man is merciful unto his beast.

Proverbs.

BLESSED are the merciful ; for they shall obtain MERCY.

St. Matthew, v. 7.

“ The poorest beetle that we tread upon,
In corporal sufferance feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.”

Shakspeare.

ERRATA.

Argument, Book I. line 7, *read embraces for embrace.*

Page 2 line 7, for *or* read *nor*.

..... 7 7, for *monareh* read *monarch*.

..... 10 7, for *innocence* read *innocence*.

..... 13 11, dele comma after *rekindled*.

..... 18 4, *good*, should be between inverted
commas.

..... 15, comma after *law*.

..... 26 last for *RCAE* read *RACE*.

..... 27 7, dele apostrophe in *hast*.

..... 28 18, dele comma after *servant*.

..... 40 3, after *Oh* add !

..... 56 11, for *forsend* read *forefend*.

..... 64 last line, should be as follows :

Of all that swim the deep or forest range.

The figure of reference on Gifford, page 12, last line but one, being omitted, the appropriate Note will be found page 93—* *And Gifford thou—*

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" Oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms, as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrowed of the sun."

GRAY.

* The first having been disposed of in private patronage.

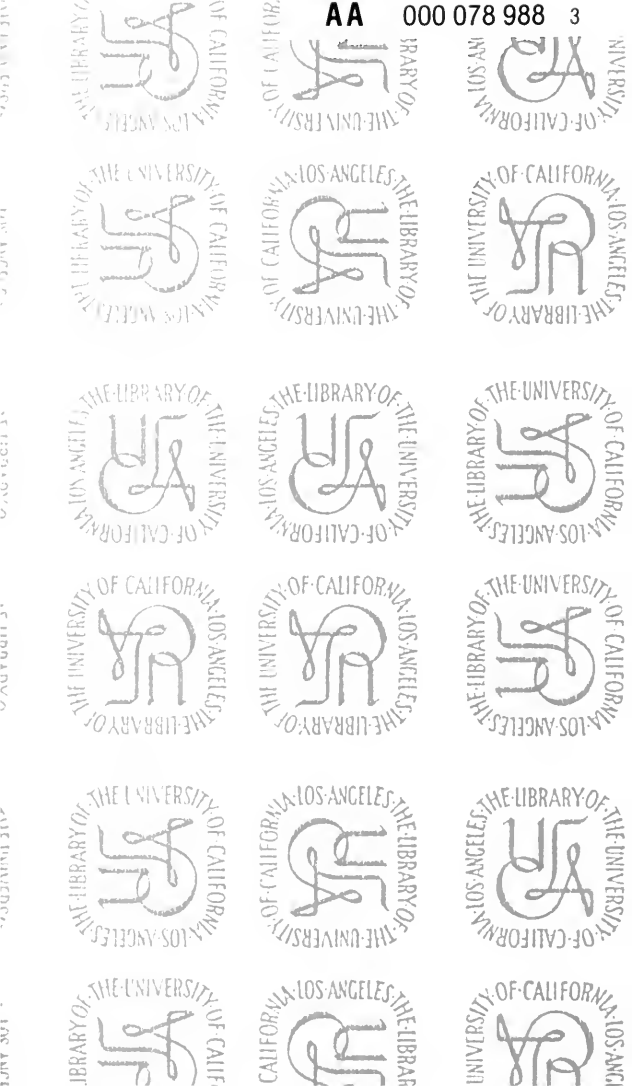
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